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THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Conditional Promises.

HE who prays for divine help must not insult God by maintaining, at the same time, an attitude of opposition to Him. The second and third petitions of the Lord's Prayer are: "Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." No prayer offered in a spirit inconsistent with this can hope to be accepted. Reason affirms this and the Bible is explicit. Only the prayers of one who is truly consecrated to God can have power with Him. God is not a mere convenience, to be resorted to for selfish purposes in time of trouble. He invites us to enter into his spirit and plans, to identify ourselves with His cause and Kingdom, to carry out our lives in His will; and He promises, on this condition, to care for us, and to hear our appeals for aid and blessing.—W. Patton.

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, August 29, 1901.

A Prayer.

Lord, grant us eyes to see, and ears to hear,
And souls to love, and minds to understand,
And steadfast faces toward the Holy Land,
And confidence of hope, and filial fear,
And citizenship where thy saints appear
Before thee, heart in heart and hand in hand,
And allelulias where their chanting band
As waters and as thunders fill the sphere.
Lord, grant us what thou wilt, and what thou wilt
Deny, and fold us in thy peaceful fold:
Not as the world gives, give to us thine own:
Inbuild us where Jerusalem is built
With walls of jasper and with streets of gold,
And thou, thyself, Lord Christ, the corner-stone.

—Christiana G. Rossetti.

Modern Miracles.

In the palace of a king of ancient times a darling child was lingering near to the gates of death. Then was there fasting in that palace, and the prayer of the father went up to God in behalf of the child, that its life might be spared to him. And in his humiliation and abasement the father lay all night upon the ground. But it was not to to be, and on the seventh day of its illness the child died. Then the father washed and anointed himself, and went into the house of the Lord to worship, and soon in his own house bread was set before him that he might eat. In the words of the inspired penman we read the conclusion: "Then said his servants unto him, What thing is this that thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep while the child was alive, but when it was dead thou didst arise and eat bread. And David said, While the child was yet alive I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast; can I bring him back again?"

Who can tell whether God will in these days be gracious unto us, that our sick may live? Did Mary and Martha know that the Master would be thus gracious to them when they went with the words: "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick"? This only they knew: They knew that they could leave their burden with him and that all would be for the best.

Is there any warrant today for the belief that God will interpose and in answer to prayer lengthen out the life of any one who stands almost "within the gates"? Very many people believe that Hezekiah's life was lengthened fifteen years because of his prayer; they belive that there was a time when there was in the early church the gift of healing, and that when, in accordance with the words of James, the elders of the congregation prayed over the sick, anointing with oil in the name of the Lord, that they were restored. But all those things and all those gifts having served their purpose according to their belief, they do not allow their working nowadays.

What are the evidences, if any, that God does sometimes in these days, as of old, by his interposition give lengthened years to those for whom it is asked?

Down through all the centuries are found those who have believed that God gave them back their loved ones in answer to prayer. Among the remarkable prayers recorded in history is that of Luther for Melancthon. The latter, whose pen and learning were invaluable to the cause of the Reformation, was lying at the point of death. When Luther, entering his room, burst into tears, the dying man aroused and said, "Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the answer, and down on his knees went the great reformer, pleading long time with God for the recovery of his dying co-worker. Again and again Melancthon said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace? Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home?" The answer was, again and again, "We cannot spare you yet, Philip." And Luther went from that room an hour later, after the dying man had begun to revive and greatly to improve, fully confident that God had given him back again his brother Melancthon in direct answer to prayer.

There was at one time, in the life of the Rev. Dr. C. L. Goodell of Pilgrim church, St. Louis, a very remarkable incident. Just as he was finishing his travels in the Holy Land, in 1884, a sickness came upon him which baffled the skill of the ablest physicians of the East, among them the physician of the Grand Vizier of Constantinople. Steadily he grew worse, and at Leamington, England, in the finally victorious struggle with the disease, he was very near to the gates of death. Afterwards he said that he seemed "as one being borne in a pleasant way out and beyond all thought and care of earthly things, into sight of the gates of gold—into the gleam of the eternal morning." While at the home of relatives in England a statement of his condition was cabled to his

church in St. Louis. This was on a Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning his people assembled and besought God most earnestly that the life of their pastor might be spared to them. In that very hour, at the exact time that his church was praying for him—it was afterward ascertained—Dr. Goodell began to improve, and his recovery was speedy.

Did not that same Jesus who, more than eighteen hundred years before, took by the hand Peter's wife's mother as she lay sick with a fever and lifted her up, also take by the hand this beloved pastor and restore him to his flock? Dr. Goodell himself was for the rest of his life of the firm belief that his recovery was in answer to prayer.

H. Clay Trumbull tells of a time when that valuable assistant of his in the publication of the Sunday-school Times, John D. Wattles, was, seemingly, about to be taken from him. For years he had leaned upon Mr. Wattles in the management of the business affairs of the publication, and he felt entirely incompetent to take up at that time the burden of the business. Despite the ablest physicians and the many prayers that went up for him the sick man grew worse steadily. At last, warned by the physicians that only a little time was left in which they might talk freely of the business matters which must be turned over to him, Dr. Trumbull went one day to talk about these matters. Soon in his weakness he burst out with the agonizing cry, "Dear John, I don't see how I can live on and do my work without you!" Up to that time his co-worker had not asked God for lengthened life, but realizing then for the first time the condition and helplessness of his partner, he prayed at once that he might be allowed to arise from that sick bed and help him, and he felt assurance immediately that he would get up. "In his trustfulness he had not prayed for prolonged life on his own account, but if he was really needed here for the sake of others he would ask prolonged life for their sake, and if he asked it he knew it would be given."

Does the reader already wonder how John D. Wattles' recovery was accomplished? It was through human instrumentality. But should that lessen in our minds the probability of Divine interposition? We do not think so. That very day his physicians "were prompted to attempt an experimental operation that offered small prospect of success, and that might indeed hasten the end." But the operation was "successful beyond their most sanguine expectations." For two years the restored worker toiled on uncomplainingly, placing the business of that highly useful publication, The Sunday-school Times, in such condition that it could be surrendered to others—and then he passed up higher.

The skeptic, the doubter, may call these mere coincidences or things inexplicable by modern science or psychic research, and the doubter may even be a Christian doubter. But it is a fair question, if what we have cited this week and last week as "modern miracles" are pronounced not really miracles, whether consistency would not lead one so declaring to the mutilation of the narrative of God's providential dealings as given in the Bible. Are these answers to prayer which we have denominated "modern miracles" any less credible than the Bible miracles? Do they not stand or fall together? What, if these of modern times are discredited, shall be done with the story of Elijah wrestling with God on Carmel and at Zarephath; with that concerning Daniel, and with the one concerning the angelic deliverance of Peter from prison even while prayers were being offered in his behalf?

Perhaps some careless reader asks, "Is, then, The Pacific an advocate of some of the modern faith cures?" It is not so stated. This article does not so indicate.

This we believe is what God desires of us: The use in case of sickness of all available means; that the best medical skill at command should be secured, and that his blessing should be asked on the effort of the physician. James, it should be remembered, cautioned that the use of oil should not be neglected. If, after the utmost has been done, the effort seems futile, the burden of it all may be laid confidingly and trustfully before the Lord. For who knows whether God will be gracious unto us, that our loved ones may live? God never fails to give that which is best both for us and for them.

But in and through it all let it be remembered that although Paul prayed for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, it was not removed, and that John the Baptist languished in prison and finally was beheaded, and that in their deaths, as well as in their lives, God has given it unto his children to glorify him.

It was the thought of not a few persons in 1881 that God would give to this people the desire of their hearts, when so many prayers were offered for the beloved President whom the assassin's bullet had made to languish on a bed of pain. But it was not so to be.

Not many months ago D. L. Moody, in the height of a great evangelistic campaign in Kansas City, was so sorely stricken with disease that he had to give up his work and betake himself to the rest afforded in his home at Northfield. Soon, then, in extreme weakness, this man of God, who in an unusually active life of 62 years had the remembrance of only a day or two of slight illness, was laid aside to wait patiently the disclosure of God's will concerning him. Just before leaving Kansas City he had said: "A man ought to be willing to give up the work"; and then added wistfully: "But I would like a chance at the twentieth century. I believe there are grander days ahead of us than we had in '57." And then a little later: "But there are two sides to every question. There's the work here, but there's the glory beyond."

Quite characteristically Mr. Moody combined faith with works in this critical period of his life. Although the best medical skill and advice were secured he observed the injunction of St. James, called in the elders of the church and along with anointing of oil had prayer for his restoration. Even after he had seemingly been within the heavenly portals, he remarked, "I'm not at all

sure but that God may perform a miracle and raise me up." But it was not so to be. D. L. Moody's work was done, and God took him.

While we write the closing lines of this editorial there come to our notice certain words of the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, spoken recently at Northfield. Coming from a man who lives close to God, they will emphasize and enforce the lesson we have wished to bring: "I am sometimes asked if I believe in faith healing, and I always say absolutely, 'No.' I believe in divine healing, which is a very different matter. I do not think there is any healing that is not divine. When I am ill I get the best medical skill I can and thank God for it every time, perfectly sure that under certain conditions and at certain points for certain reasons God can heal me without medical skill if he will do it. What I object to in the nonsense talk of today is that God must heal me if I want it, whether he wills or not."

Exemption from Taxation.

Not a few California churches are considerably disturbed over the church taxation matter. They fear that there is to be so strict a construction of the constitutional amendment that no benefit can be derived from it; that such use as must necessarily be made of a church building, if it is to answer the purposes for which intended, will preclude its exemption from taxation, under the construction that is likely to be made of the amendment.

We cannot believe, however, that the intent of the enactment, nor its real meaning, is to be so disregarded. The recent opinion rendered by the Attorney-General relates only to the renting of church edifices for lectures, concerts, etc., for a money consideration. He concludes that buildings rented for such purposes are not exempt from taxation. The wisdom of the conclusion is not likely to be questioned, for the reading of the amendment is that buildings shall be exempt only "when the same are used solely and exclusively for religious worship."

But, say some, it is asserted that the law will be so construed that it will not be possible for churches to use their buildings for any purpose except the Sunday services and the regular mid-week meetings for prayer and conference. That is an extreme view, and any one seeking to enforce it will fail in the attempt. The church is to be used for "religious worship." And to this end it can be used for anything which necessarily ministers to its proper use for such worship. It cannot be said correctly that the choir when it is rehearsing is engaged in religious worship, and yet singing is an important part of the worship of the sanctuary, and the use of the church for choir rehearsals is a legitimate use. In the First church of Oakland a church clerk and pastor's secretary is employed. Her office is in the church building. She is a necessary adjunct. Without such help the pastor and the busy laymen would be overburdened, things would be disjointed, the services of the sanctuary would go limping, and a process of disintegration would begin. The use of a church edifice by such a helper is a legitimate use under the law; it is "for religious worship." Likewise, any use of a church edifice for such work as will render it possible for the society to carry on in the most proper and helpful manner the stated services of the sanctuary, making them really worshipful, is a legitimate use.

But, how about the serving of paid lunches when some religious meeting is held? we are asked. The lunches are legitimate. Take for example a Woman's Board meeting. It is primarily for religious worship. Everything is devotional; the Scripture readings, the prayers, the talks on missions, the reports, even the collection—all are calculated to bring the attendant into true and worshipful relations with God. The courts never will hold that these women must betake themselves a mile away to some down-town restaurant for a lunch. Let the churches go on serving them and turning the money into the missionary treasury. They are "for religious worship."

In fact, we do not believe there are many uses to which our California churches have been put in the past to which they cannot be put today. We should like to see a test case made as to whether a church cannot under the constitution hold a concert or give a lecture, charging therefor an admission fee, and yet be exempt from taxation. This, we have no doubt, would be in accord with the intent of the framers of the amendment, and with the thought of the people who by their ballots placed it in the constitution. It seems like good common sense, and it would in all probability turn out to be law. To rent the church to some one, for a money consideration, for the holding of a concert or entertainment, or the giving of a lecture, would be a different matter. It hardly seems, however, that any test case of this kind is needed. The Louisiana and Illinois decisions cited by the Attorney General were cases in which the buildings had been rented for other than religious purposes, and in these cases it was held by the court that it was not a legitimate use, although in one case the rents were applied, first toward the payment of a mortgage on the church, and then, after its liquidation, to provide for other places of worship; and although in the other case there was the application of the proceeds to the purposes named in the statute giving the exemption. The use of the building by the church itself for some religious concert, entertainment or lecture, to which an admission fee is charged, is not a case parallel with these. No one would question the right of a church, under the law, to charge an admission of five cents to its services for worship on Sunday. No church would wish to do this, but it could do it and still be exempt from taxation. So, we maintain that meetings for religious purposes, or to put it in the exact wording of the California amendment, meetings "for religious worship," even those to which an admission is charged, may be held by the churches in their edifices. Who will arise and assert that a lecture by Dr. Arthur H. Smith on missions in China, with accompanying Scripture and prayer—if he were to return to this country—would not be just as worshipful as some

of the services held in the churches on Sunday? Suppose the missionary society of some church should ask ten cents from every person admitted, would that make it any less worshipful? If the California courts are going to be strict about this matter some sort of inspection committee will have to appointed, for it is an indisputable fact that there are many people going to church not for worship, but for amusement, etc. Every Sunday the churches are used for other purposes than religious worship. These black sheep will have to be weeded out if we are to have a thorough and impartial enforcement of the constitutional amendment. Mind readers will be needed then in different parts of the congregation, for how else can the official board of a church come to know that its edifice has been used exclusively for religious worship? But sensible men are on the bench. They will not harass the churches as a few enemies of the amendment are doing by their talk here and there throughout the State.

That was an astounding letter which the Executive Committee of the San Francisco Labor Council addressed openly the other day to President Wheeler of the State University. It protested against the entering into employment on the part of certain students as stevedores. Referring to the struggle now going on between labor and capital on this Coast, they said to President Wheeler: "You must feel as we do, that on the issue depends the fate of the American workingman, whether he is to be an intelligent human being, a free man in a free land, or a mere animal, to be driven and controlled like a beast of burden. * * * You must have seen in the daily papers that some students of the State University gave up their books and hired themselves to men who have sworn to trample on the liberties of the workingmen of California." This action on the part of those young men is declared to be dishonorable, and it is said: "A liberal education makes those who are capable of receiving it gentlemen. Of course, there are exceptions. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ears." When will the workingmen, who are anxious for the sympathy of the public, learn that such utterances as these only turn from them the persons whose sympathy they seek? There was nothing dishonorable on the part of those students. And it was an immense assumption to say to President Wheeler, "You must feel as we do." Is it possible that the men framing that letter have not knowledge of the fact that there are two sides to this labor trouble, and that there are many people who believe that the employers are in the right?

"I am in sympathy with the workingman," said a gentleman on the streets of San Francisco the other day, "but when one says to another, 'I won't work and you shant,' I am against that one." And he would have said, of course, if he had carried the thought to its logical conclusion that he was against any body of men saying to others that they shall not work for whomsoever they please and for whatsoever wage they please. When labor unions recognize that right, the right of every man to work where he pleases and for what wage he pleases, so long as he is not a member of a union, and go quietly and peaceably about the work of building up their membership, they will be much farther along toward the consummation of their desires than they are today. But so long as the majority of workingmen are not members of unions such a strike as the one in San Francisco cannot fail to work harm for all engaged in it. Not a few friends of unionism regard it as suicidal. There is no doubt that this strike has put many people entirely out of sympathy with unions. The Pacific believes that unions have done considerable for the amelioration of the condition of the wage-earner, and we deprecate in their interests this unwise leadership and advice which has led some to break their contracts, others to go out from the employ of men against whom they had no grievance, and all in all to bring many homes to want and serious damage to business interests in general.

The coming of eight Chinese students, educated at the University of Tientsin, to take post-graduate studies in the University of California at the expense of Sheng, the Imperial Director of Telegraghs in China, is an event of importance. This work was undertaken by Sheng at the suggestion of Dr. Fryer of the University, an adviser in whom the Chinese have great confidence, and for the dissemination in that country of Western ideas. Remaining here for three or four years they will, when they return, be capable of exerting a large influence for the uplifting of that empire. The time will come when the people of China will look back, as the Japanese now do, and regard as the most memorable event in their annals the coming to their shores of the American people. The placing of those young men in our University and the placing of others in Pomona College recently will hasten that day, a glad one, not only for China, but for the whole world.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel." We heard a man in fair circumstances in life arguing the other day in favor of the boycott on the part of labor unions, defending them in all their efforts to keep other men from working where they themselves will not work, arguing that this is for the public good, declaring that the workingman is not receiving a fair wage, etc. But when this man has any printing to be done, it is reported that he patronizes a printing office which gives about one-half the wage that is paid in union offices. Talk is cheap. That man can talk without hurting his pocket-book. But he could back up his talk by right action. Oh, this is a selfish old world. And it is not surprising that, when such inconsistency is seen in many professing Christians, some people conclude that the motto in general is, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost!"

Jack Winters, the Selby Smelting Company burglar, began last week a fifteen years' sentence at Folsom. Thanks to a just judge, he was given the limit for his of-

fense and was not permitted even to choose in which prison he should serve his sentence. Anything else than this would have put a premium on crime. And now let us have all over the State some such sentences for footpads as the Sacramento judge gave a few weeks ago—life sentences. It will not be long, then, until California will be regarded by the criminals as a good State from which to absent themselves.

The Religious World.

A volume of sermons entitled "Doctrine and Deed," by the Rev. Dr. C. E. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, will be published in October.

The Protestant Episcopal church has in California three bishops, 149 clergymen, 201 parishes and missions and 15,376 communicants. In San Francisco there are sixteen parishes and missions and 3,972 communicants.

The Baptist churches of the United States have increased from a membership of 1,121,988 in 1869 to 4,233,226. During the last year the church expenditures were $13,790,299.63. They have property valued at $88,146,386.

The First Presbyterian church of Seattle has not been able to get for pastor the man of its choice, the Rev. O. A. Smith of Bay City, Michigan. The Michigan church was anxious to retain Dr. Smith, and a divided church did not attract him sufficiently to win him from his present pastorate.

An organization similar to the Young Men's Christian Association is talked of among Roman Catholics. One of its aims will be the elimination of foreign traits and languages and a more rapid Americanization of the foreign element by the contact with young Americans thus afforded.

The town of El Paso, Illinois, with 1,400 inhabitants, has nine churches. Not one of the nine, however, is Congregational. It would hardly be possible for a Congregational church to exist in a place so crowded with churches. Its willingness to be swallowed would soon be made known, and it would be swallowed of course on short notice.

The Howard Street M. E. church of San Francisco sold not many years ago a lot for $4,300, which was sold recently for $19,500. This is now a down-town church, and improvements on the lot sold makes it necessary for the church to expend $3,000 in putting down foundations to the required depth of fourteen feet. But the feeling is, "If ever Howard Street church was needed in the moral struggle of this great city it is needed now."

It is not likely that the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman will be invited to held evangelistic meetings in this city, the question having been indefinitely postponed at the recent union meeting of the ministers. We believe that this was wise action. Not much is to be hoped for from great meetings. We believe that far better results can be secured by each church, either through special meetings or by the personal work that each pastor can do from week to week through the year.

It is said that a large element in the Protestant Episcopal church is opposed to the proposition to change the name to "The American Church." It is to be hoped that their counsels will prevail. There a great many American churches, just as there are a great many Christian churches, besides the one that has taken to itself the name "Christian." It is not surprising that many of these brethren prefer to call their church "The Disciples' Church," which is not as confusing as is the term "The Christian Church."

Writing of the recent Epworth League Convention in this city the Rev. Dr. Buckley of the "New York Christian Advocate" says that the element of permanency in universal Christianity was strongly emphasized, and the unity of spirit prevailing among the Protestant denominations was made transparently clear. In that connection Dr. Buckley says: "Those who say that Christianity is declining, that religion is dead, that the churches have totally lost their hold on the young people, that the ministry is relaxing its grasp; that all preaching is dull, and few can be found who can produce an interesting discourse, that fifty years from now congregations will be reduced to children and women, will get a poor hearing while the memory of that convention lasts in San Francisco." Such thoughts as these, it is said, are born of wishes and not of reasoning or observation. Against them "the Methodists hold up the Epworth League, the Baptists present the Young People's Baptist Union, and the Lutherans the Luther League; and by their side members in San Francisco exhibited their sympathy and disinterestedness by contributing largely to the expenses of the convention. We say, Here is a mighty army of young men and women whom you must transform into skeptics, agnostics, dreamy mystics, cynics, belittlers of Christ, blatant atheists, make them forget that they must die, or stupefy them in debauchery before you can prevent Christianity from stepping forth with quicker step and more conspicuous glory to bless and renew the world."

Mid-Summer Prayer-Meeting in Los Angeles.

By W. N. Burr.

A pastor is not essential to a good prayer-meeting—in some churches. The First church of Los Angeles has two pastors, and neither of them was present at the mid-week service the first Wednesday night in August; but it was what we church people call "a good meeting," for all that. The First church people are taught to call their mid-week assembly "The Church Family Meeting." Several hundred members of the family were not at their weekly "family gathering" that night, but perhaps one hundred of them were there, the young and the old-er.

It was the young people who were rather in evidence at that meeting. In the absence of the pastors the service was in charge of the Christian Endeavorers. The leader was an earnest young man, who talked as well as most ministers talk, if he did not look like one. A lady—evidently a stranger—sitting in front of me, looked back and whispered: "He's not a minister, is he?" That was during the opening exercises. Later, when the leader was speaking, I imagined the good lady was thinking he would not have mistaken his calling if he had set his life towards the pulpit.

He began the meeting in the good old orthodox way of urging those who had come in on time to move forward to the front seats. Quite a number moved. The usual order of opening exercises followed.

The topic for discussion was, "What Have Young People to Fear as Christians?" After the announcement of the topic, and before the discussion, a few moments were taken for prayer, in which the Superintendent of Home Missions, the wife of the senior pastor, and six others led.

"In my preparatory thought for this meeting," said

the leader, "I have desired that we young Christians may be helped here tonight to get a practical view of life—not an inspiration to think good thoughts only, but to do good deeds, to practice our theories, to live the sentiment we utter. There is a tendency in this day toward the irreligious life, and we young Christians have our temptations to deal carelessly with matters of faith, and to swing into this current of irreligion, more or less. There are enemies of the religious life which we encounter every day, and we want to name some of them here tonight, and learn to fear them."

He spoke of the temptation to self-gratification. "We might say, 'Selfishness,'" he remarked, "but that term is a glittering generality. It means so much that usually it means nothing at all, as the word strikes our ears. We must bring something definite out of it"; and he did it, with both plainness and courtesy.

Later, he spoke of the money-enticement, and among other good things, said, "Money can make a man a king for righteousness, or it can make him a knave for sin, or a snob." He defined a snob as "a man on a ladder who kisses the feet of the man above him, and kicks at the man who is below him."

When the meeting was "thrown open," both older members and young people took part in the discussion of the topic. The first one said, "An inclination to shrink from active service is one thing we young people ought to fear as Christians." Others said, "One enemy is discouragement because results of our work are not quickly seen." "The fear of being considered peculiar is an enemy. If Christians are to be 'a peculiar people,' the individual Christian must be willing to be a peculiar individual." "The enemy Reticence is a great tempter. He would have us hold too silently our faith in Christ." "We should fear the habit of easy criticism. If one has fallen into this habit the best antidote for it is a determined purpose to win others to Christ. The soul-winner's purpose will crowd all harmful criticism and all unkindness out of our thought. Faithful members of the 'Win One Band' will not be unkindly critical." "A present-day danger to be feared is that the facts of Christianity be not taken with sufficient seriousness." "We should fear a superficial Christian experience. Men are saying of our Christianity, 'It is all foolishness'; we must get into the depths of it, that we may prove to these mistaken ones that they are mistaken"—this from one of the youngest of the young people. "We should fear the temptation to make the Sababth a holiday instead of a holy day." And the last speaker said, "Be not afraid of them that kill the body; but fear him that is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

To judge by the reports that come in occasionally there is danger in some quarters that the young people may not keep fully in view the latter part of the Christian Endeavor motto, "For Christ and the Church." But not infrequently where they are found faithful to the Endeavor Society, but careless as to their obligations to the church in other ways, it is not wholly the young people who are at fault. A cordial recognition of and wise cooperation with the Endeavor Society on the part of pastors and older members of the church will help to keep the young disciples in their places, as members of the church, at the mid-week meeting of the church, the Sunday-evening service, etc. The First church people of Los Angeles, young and old, remind an outsider of the "all things" of Romans viii: 28—they "work together for good."

Corona, Calif.

A man does not possess what he has, but what he is.

The Layman's Vision of God.

A Sermon by Chas. R. Brown.

"I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved" (Gen. xxxii: 30).

We find in the story of that memorable night in Jacob's life a transcript of profound spiritual experience. The details are of interest as showing how his name came to be "Israel," so that his descendants were known as "the children of Israel"; as showing the origin of that fine name of the insignificant little town of "Peniel"; and as explaining that peculiar custom among the Jews of refusing to eat a certain muscle in the leg of any animal killed for food. But the main interest of the story lies in that single statement where Jacob added up the results of this moral crisis in his life by saying, "I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved."

"I have seen God"—it was the vision of a layman. Jacob was not a priest, a monk, or a lonely ascetic, dwelling apart from the secular interests. He was a business man, a cattle-grower. He had flocks and herds, menservants and maid-servants, and was deeply engrossed in secular affairs. He was a lover of family life, with his two wives and his twelve sons—the number of daughters is not given although they are referred to, because in that Oriental region, as in China today, the male children are the ones of whom account is taken. This is the man who saw God face to face—not an emaciated ascetic falling into a trance, or having mystical visions of angels floating through the air, but a robust layman in the full enjoyment of his property and his family.

"I have seen God"—it was the vision of a shrewd and succesful layman. The higher spiritual experiences are sometimes thought to be only for those broken, failing men who, by the stress of circumstance, are compelled to turn away from earthly things. Property gone, health gone, youth gone, family gone, from the shattered remains of their former fullness they turn to God for peace and rest. This is entirely legitimate, for God is our refuge and our strength in time of trouble. But Jacob was not a failure. He was shrewd, sagacious, far-seeing, capable of bringing things to pass and with a genuinely Jewish eye for the main chance. As a thrifty boy he took advantage of his elder brother's extreme hunger, and bought his birthright at a bargain. By another clever shift he deceived his father and robbed Esau of the ancestral blessing with its substantial privileges. As a man, he made a sharp bargain with Laban, fixing upon the cattle of a certain color as his herdsman's wages and then breeding the cattle skillfully until the herds were almost all of that special color. He had the making of a Pierpont Morgan in him—the only difference is in the sort of tools the two men used. This successful man, taking round after round on the ladder of material advancement, is the man who gained the vision of God.

"I have seen God"—it was the vision of a man who was conscious of having done wrong during the greater part of his life. We find here no innocent Samuel dwelling in the temple, and hearing the voice of the Father in the night watches. We have here no example of wondrous piety holding itself apart from the stain and soil of the world's sin. Jacob had cheated his brother, lied to his father, defrauded his employer, been twice compelled to flee from an avenging justice, and now, when it seemed as if a deserved retribution was about to overtake him, he had his wondrous vision.

Such a man's vision of God, what he saw, and where and how it came to him, will be of service to us. It will hold tenfold more interest for us than the vision of some saintly monk in the quiet of his cloister. It will be more

useful by far than the rapt vision of some sweet-faced nun from the Sacred Heart Convent yonder, who so keeps herself away from the world's evil that she would scarcely know the devil if she met him on Webster street. We are not monks nor nuns. We are laymen, living in the thick of the world's affairs. We have known the temptation and the stain of sin. Some of us have done wrong with apparent success. It will bring us help therefore to study this layman's vision of God.

You recall the facts. When Jacob fled from his home because of the wrong done Esau, he took a staff in his hand and journeyed to Haran, where he was employed by the well-to-do Laban. He worked for him twenty years, and when they settled Jacob had married both his employer's daughters, had become possessed of the flower of the flocks and herds, and Laban had the experience. Jacob then deemed another move prudent, and the account tells us "he stole away unawares when Laban had gone to shear sheep." He resolved to return to his old home trusting somehow to compose his differences with Esau. He comes to the bank of Jordan and felicitates himself as a young man might in returning from a rich strike in Nome. "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

He deemed it prudent when he reached the border of the land where Esau and his Bedouin followers dwelt to send messengers ahead. He had the common idea that there was almost nothing that money would not buy. "Tell my lord, Esau," he said, "that his servant Jacob has oxen and asses, flocks and herds, men servants and maid-servants, and desires to find grace in his sight." He felt confident that Esau would recognize the advantage of being on good terms with such a well-to-do sheik. But the messengers came hurrying back, their faces white with fear, their voices trembling, and said, "We came to thy brother Esau, and he cometh to meet thee with four hundred men." This was hard news, indeed! "Then Jacob was greatly distressed and afraid." He had property, but there was no settled government to protect it. He had a large, interesting family, but their only defence in those days was such physical strength as the head of the house could bring into the field. He had wronged this Bedouin chief, his brother, twenty years before, and now the injured kinsman was marching toward him through the night with four hundred armed men!

But his shrewdness did not forsake him. He instantly took all the precautions. He divided his herds into two bands, so that if the Bedouins should smite one, while they were capturing, slaughtering and perhaps feasting on their spoil, the other might escape. He took some of his choicest sheep and lambs, camels and cattle, asses and colts—six hundred in all, the account says—as a present to be sent ahead to Esau. He divided them into five droves, so that the effect of the present upon Esau would be cumulative. One would come, and then another, and then another, as if there would be no end to this rich man's generosity. He instructed them to use language of the utmost courtesy. When they met Esau they were to say, "These be thy servant Jacob's; they are a present unto my lord Esau." Thy servant Jacob—my lord Esau! Oriental courtesy demands that you demean yourself and exalt another with all the elaborate extravagance at your command. You knock at an American's door and he asks you to "Come in." The Chinese gentleman would bow, salaam, and entreat you to deign to convey your honorable and magnificent presence into his vile, despicable hut of a house. He would not mean anything by it except that he was striving to be polite according to the rules of the game as it is played in the Orient. The account is true to local color in portraying the style of crawling courtesy that Jacob displayed in sending his present to his angry brother.

Jacob arranged his family with the same prudence. If the present should not appease the Bedouins, and they should wreak vengeance on his loved ones, provision must be made even for that terrible emergency. Jacob encamped his two women servants who had been as wives to him and their sons farthest out on the line of Esau's approach, and then Leah and her sons, who stood next in his affections. And last of all, in the place of greatest security, he established his favorite wife Rachel and Joseph, his favorite son. If Esau should smite the others, still he and Rachel and Joseph might possibly escape! And then, having done all that human ingenuity could suggest he prayed, "O God of my father Abraham, and of my father Isaac, deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, lest he smite me, with the mother and the children!"

After that there was nothing for it but to wait for the issue of the next day. Retreat was useless—his flocks and herds could never get away from the Bedouins. And having sent the present with those polite speeches, he must put on a bold front and keep up the appearance of friendliness. His shrewdness had always carried him through—perchance, he might yet win out. In that mood of anxious expectation he camped with his wives and children, and all that he had, beside the ford Jabbok.

But somehow Jacob could not sleep. Many a guilty man has tossed all night on his bed wondering how he would meet his creditors, or perhaps the employer he had wronged, next day. An outraged conscience is a foe to sleep. Shakespeare was accurate in his psychology when he pictured Macbeth looking enviously upon the sound sleep of the healthy groom. There rose before him the vision of Lady Macbeth walking the floor unable to gain an hour of honest sleep, oppressed as she was with her guilty secret. He thinks of the loss of his own peace and of "his eternal jewel given to the common enemy of man."

He cries out in his anguish—

> "Sleep no more; Macbeth hath murdered sleep.
> * * * * * * *
> The innocent sleep:
> Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, chief nourisher at life's feast!"

And Jacob could not sleep. With all his flocks and herds, his wives and children about him, in the full tide of his success, he knew that justice was on the side of Esau. That chief, with his four hundred Bedouins marching toward him through the darkness, became like the avenging hand of God. He had lied and cheated, deceived and grasped his way up into what he supposed was success, yet how helpless he was in the presence even of so much justice as stood up in those four hundred men bent on fair play for their leader. In the silence of that night, when conscience spoke, Jacob knew it was not pillage and plunder they represented, but justice. His guilty nature could not sleep.

He finally arose, and, crossing the brook, went out alone under the open sky. But as he struggled with his fears he became conscious that he was not alone. He had left all his human companions in their tents, but he was not alone. There was a Presence, a Power, a Voice, contending with him. Some One wrestled with him the whole night through, as he stood face to face with the ugly fact and the threatening consequences of his own evil doing. It was not Esau and the four hundred Bedouins alone with whom he had to deal; he must meet

and render an account to the Unseen One, who became the stout opponent of the evil in his nature there at the ford Jabbok.

Was the Presence and the Voice real? It was real to Jacob. Was the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast real? It was intensely real to the guilty king. He sat there at his feast with a thousand lords and nobles who had been associated with him in the work of government. They gave themselves up to debauchery unspeakable. They added a touch of sacrilege to the drunken orgy by bringing in the sacred vessels of the Temple that the immoral women might drink toasts from these cherished vessels in maudlin mockery of Hebrew worship. In the midst of it all Belshazzar saw the handwriting on the wall. "Numbered, weighed, wanting, divided—thy kingdom is given to the Medes." It was all very real to Belshazzar. And when Darius, the Mede, overthrew the feeble, corrupt government, and took the kingdom, it was the clear fulfillment of what Belshazzar saw written on the walls that enclosed him and his depraved nobles at their wicked feast.

Was the Presence Jacob wrestled with all night real? Do you call nothing real unless you can hold it in your hand, or weigh it on the scales? My mother's love for me is real, and from the first hour when I learned to know the difference between right and wrong, until now, it has been a genuine moral force in my life. It is real to me at this moment, though she is more than two thousand miles away, praying perchance at this very hour for her son, that he may preach the gospel with power and helpfulness. The things which are seen are uncertain and temporal; the things which are not seen are real and they are eternal.

Jacob found the moral obligations he had been ignoring now fighting him. He found God's opposition to evil wrestling with him in the dark and his voice demanding a change of purpose. What did Jacob see? He saw God. He saw him with whom we must settle all our accounts. He saw the One whose moral interest in us passeth understanding and who wrestles with us to effect that change of heart which merits a new name and a new destiny.

All discussions as to how much or how little could have been seen by any outside spectator that night at Jabbok is trifling in the presence of the august spiritual realities that stand in bold relief. How tall was that which Jacob saw? What color was it? How tall is righteousness? What color is conscience? How broad is the Divine Spirit that ever seeks to impel men to do right and fights them in the depths of their hearts when they stoop to evil! The voice of conscience, which sometimes shouts its stern rebukes; the tug and pull that we must overcome when we debase ourselves; the unseen force that compels attention to the demands of character; the strange warming and quickening of the heart we often feel when we are alone as Jacob was, face to face with ourselves—call none of these by abstract names! When you come to such a moral crisis you see and hear and feel God! Jacob was never more accurate than when he added up the results of that night's experience by saying, "I have seen God face to face."

I never expect in this world nor in any world to look up and see the Father as I might look up at the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor will they see and hear him. The eyes and the ears are not the organs for seeing and hearing him. The Spirit of God reveals himself otherwise. His approach is recorded not upon the delicate membrane of eye-ball or ear-drum, but upon the conscience, the soul, the spiritual nature of man. This rather than some mystical rhapsody will be the layman's vision of God. There comes unasked into his every-day life, into his ill-gotten successes, into his consciousness of wrong done, the sight of principles neglected, of divine laws broken, of ideals trampled in the dust, of conscience outraged, of a pleading, insistent Father dishonored and disappointed in his child! In terms like these there comes the compelling vision that will change the name and the nature of the man.

The young man goes into the thick of city life full of passion and ambition, carrying with him as the fairest portion of his outfit certain principles and ideals. He finds hardness, shrewdness and even badness sometimes making its way. The strong take the middle of the road and the weak are crowded to the wall. He finds cotton in the "all wool" cloth, slag in the coal, water in the milk and water in the railway stock. He comes to wonder if reality and sincerity are doomed. He hears some men laugh at purity and innocence, actually proud of the smut on their manhood. Where and how will this young layman see God? By running away into some lonely mountain cave to live the life of a monk? Nay, rather he will see God in the Omnipotent and Omnipresent Spirit of righteousness that opposes all evil and finally beats it down into the helplessness of the patriarch trembling before the coming of the Bedouins that night at Jabbok. He will see God in the Eternal Purpose, unhurried and undefeated, that underlies and enfolds all these temporary phases of human existence. He will see God in that ever-available Divine Grace that offers its inexhaustible aid and re-enforcement to the man who purposes to stand true. The presence of God speaking through shame and remorse over one's evil, acting powerfully in those better impulses toward the right that visit us all, affords the man of affairs a vision of the Divine. It is God that worketh in us through all the nobler phases of human experience. This vision, better than all the feverish excited dreams of the mystics, is the vision that grips men in practical life, and does not let them go until it has blessed them.

Stanley found his way into the heart of Africa by taking a native guide who had grown up there, and who knew all the ins and outs of the forest. God found his way into the heart of the guilty patriarch through the lines of Jacob's own native anxieties about his flocks and herds, his wives and children, over the paths of his own self-reproach, touching the wrong done his brother. God finds his way into our hearts by the pathway of those interests that are resident and growing in the soil of our hopes and fears. We thus lift our eyes in recognition of the Holy Spirit, sending his energy along the beaten track of our own immediate interests, and we cry, "We see God face to face and our lives will be preserved."

Is that all there is in "the vision of God"? When Jacob said, "I have seen God," did he mean he had seen all there is to see? That complete vision of God no man hath seen nor can see. He had seen all of God that was possible and needful to him in that period of his development. I have seen the earth—no one can deny that, for here it is beneath me. But even though I have wandered to and fro upon it in several continents, it is only a small fraction of the earth that I have seen. I have also seen God—nothing approaching that full vision of his Infinite Being which will forever be impossible for my finite powers but the actual touch of his life upon mine. He has spoken to me, reproved me, forgiven me, renewed my heart, purified my affections, assured me of my acceptance in his love. He has shown me his face in the face of the Savior, and out of it all has come the fact that my fellowship with the Father and with Jesus Christ, his

Son, is the most certain and blessed experience in my life. In these terms of common experience I draw for you the vision of God that is open and possible to us all.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Car Christianity.

The old Quaker gave up his seat to a pretty girl. He had doubtless a chivalrous father who taught him courtesy to women. Pretty soon he was seen to look down at the seat he had given up and search as for a handkerchief he had dropped. Miss Assurance bridled up a little and said, "What are you looking for?" "I was just looking for a 'Thank you,' Miss." The lack of the old time "thank yous" is, I think, one reason why men are less chivalrous than of yore in offering seats to standing women.

I was reminded of this by the delightful and maidenly remonstrance of a young lady who again and again refused to take the proferred seat of a silver haired Seattle gentleman. I'm not the man. I only offered my seat once because the young lady had a package quite heavy. She let me hold the package. Her courteous appreciation of civility charmed the car load of passengers. If more women were like her more men would be what their mothers wish them to be. In sharp contrast with this lady was a women who occupied a crowded corner section of the coach from Portland to Seattle. A young San Franciscan of the genial type denied himself much comfort, crowded his baggage, held her restless boy on ihs lap and gave the hungry kids generously of his lunch. Not a "good day" as they left the car. Not a word of recognition for his many courtesies. He was right in his criticism, "Her fingers are covered with rings but she is not a lady." He was a car Christian whether he goes to church or not. I wish he might go into camp with me and read him well enough to risk the invitation. And it is a risk to invite a stranger into a camp. His very polite declination, his appreciation, his *thank* you confirmed my good opinion. One can find companionship on the train if he looks for it and I want to say, if any boys ever pick up these acorns, the best company is found outside the dirty smoking cars.

A sweaty mechanic with heavy pack came into our street car. He was not old enough to claim my seat but it was simple kindness to let his pack rest against my knee. That good man Freeland could do more. With dignified authority he made his seat-mates move a little closer and with kindly voice saying, "A tired man likes to sit down," he made a resting-place, if not a full seat, beside himself. I shall not forget the picture. I was a sermon in itself. It is not given to many men to arbitrate strikes, to sound wide sermons which labor-unions will listen to. But if we can follow the good Washingtonian example of our friend Freeland and manifest a little street-car Christianity, it may develop church friendliness and help. In a time of labor excitement I think that mechanic would listen to a black-coat who made a place beside him.

A Happy Washington Home.

It were worth a long journey to see a real happy country home. It were worth coming a longer distance to hear the voice of cheer and contentment. One does not often hear it. It is better than a house of modern improvements. One feels better in an atmosphere of home peace and comfort than amid costly furniture. It is success in life to build a home and rear healthy children on a steadily improving farm. Jerseys are gentle where children are kind and the music of fowls which pay many, many store bills and industriously multiply until their fame spreads all over the country, is an inspiration to matronly care and faithfulness. To be a good and progressive citizen of the republic, to be known as the father of the road system of a well-roaded county, to be an incorruptible county official, known as the servant of the people, is true success in life. I never felt it more than in a wholesome country home under the firs of this great State, in full sight of the snowy Olympics. I see again how the economies and energies of a well-ordered farm home develop men and women who stay and win when, in later life, they carry the burdens of the cities. Into how many such homes our Pacific goes! Don't chafe, boys and girls of the country homes. Your day will come and you will be ready for it. I'm ready to take pencil or cudgels for your home school. I don't despise city folks, but if I wagered I'd lay my wager for the success of the boys and girls of the best farms. To build a heard of Jersey cows, to win prizes for pure butter of full weight, to number the days of unfortunate scrubs, to scatter pure-blooded animals at fair prices through a great commonwealth is as noble a work as Carnegie's—better far than the social rivalries of an itching and restless "four hundred."

Packing Up.

And now we are packing up! How kind women are to help men off for the woods and mountains! How many packages and bottles they think of for wounds and bruises which, thank Heaven, so rarely come! How they do dictate receipts for camp bread and the making of coffee. Buttons and thread, cartridges and court-plaster, bottles and biscuit, shoes and suspenders, ammunition and ammonia—whew! won't the old pack-horse grunt like a Syrian camel and have to make a second trip to Camp Supply before Camp Distant is accomplished! Good-bye, white tie and biled shirt. Farewell, feather bed! Welcome, fir boughs, knots and all! Howl, oh, timber wolf, we'll scare you if we don't take your hide! Scat, wild-cat, for the laddie has taken out his dollar license and means to make it pay! We'll carry the war into your Africa, Mr. Coyote! Leave our Spokane white Plymouth Rocks alone! When we come home hungry and lean with ten small trout, a weasel and a chipmunk, don't make fun of us, for it is something to chase a lion if we do not bag him.

The Dispensary.

By C. G. B.

Interested in the highest things for men, all good men must wish the lessening of the consumption of liquor; the lessening of temptation to its use; the absolute withdrawal from politics. The rallying word of the Anti-Saloon League, which all saloon men fear far more than any temperance organization, is "anything to curtail the saloon." Trim it back, narrow its circle everywhere, wipe it out where possible. As one who has given some attention to the Anti-Saloon League work as a layman, as a member of the State Committee and as an active agent in one or two campaigns, and as a total abstainer, and one who finds it less and less easy to tolerate any use whatever of the beverage, I am ready to advocate as the next move, in our State, the Dispensary system.

On June 6th The Pacific published a very strong paper on this subject by Hon. H. W. Lewis of Seattle. The Outlook has for years given information on the same topic. The impracticability of it will be found, if anywhere, in the opposition of the radical temperance men. There are good men who cannot see that it could possibly be right to allow the State to handle pure liquors

and to furnish them, without profit, to all men who in the exercise of freedom come for them. I find it hard to have patience with a good man who will permit a city like Los Angeles to have two hundred glittering and attractive saloons and hotel bars, tempting men to loaf, and to treat each other, when by adding his vote to less radical men he could have the whole business limited to four depots of supply not open as places of resort, not open at night, not even affording a seat, but supplying the liquor upon an order filled by the applicant and open to inspection of the public.

When experience shows that this method has diminished the consumption of liquor three parts out of four, how can any man hesitate? When the saloon has been, by this method, taken out of politics absolutely and completely, how can any lover of his country doubt about his duty or be lukewarm? This open threat of boycott of the Southern Pacific if it closes the bars on the boats would be inoperative under the Dispensary system.

Who that thinks cannot see that this is a grand way to cut hard by law? Moral suasion and exhortation and temperance pledges will all be needed yet. What is our loss as compared with the present license system? Who can measure the gain?

I hope and believe that there are many of the readers of The Pacific who feel as I do. I have waited for others to speak and no one of them has spoken, so far as I have seen, since the article appeared in your columns on June 6th. I believe that no blow so influential, and so violent and so easy, can be struck as this blow, and if the Anti-Saloon will undertake this movement and put able men into the field, it will not lack for funds; and within four years at the outside, and perhaps within less than two, this paralyzing blow can be struck and the ground prepared for widespread work of temperance societies. Saloon keepers will at once cease as a class. Manufacturers must suffer to a large extent. Men who own vineyards will need to go into other business. This loss we must regret. It is a sore evil. But there are evils every day with which their losses are not to be compared. Loyal citizens of this commonwealth can be led to see alike on this question. We do not drift toward such results. It will take hard rowing; but we can do it, and when once done the hard work is over in that line. The evil is effectually crippled. Let us have prompt and vigorous action.

Palo Alto, Aug. 24th.

Mr. Emerson says: "Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good." These thoughts we should make our own. Not only preachers, but other Christians, should be given to "incessant affirmatives," of the great Gospel truths which issue from Christ's cross and strike at the center of human needs. There is far too much bothering with vapid and void negatives. It is this which weakens our holy cause. It is well at times to say: "Don't!" But the greater part of the time we should say with an unmistakable affirmation, "Do thou the bidding of God! Believe ye in the Lord Jesus! Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" We must incessantly affirm the cardinal verities of the Gospel in the fear of God.

Train the understanding. Take care that the mind has a stout and straight stem. Leave the flowers of wit and fancy to come of themselves.—Augustus Hare.

The Resurrection of Our Lord from the Dead.

[W. Robertson Nicoll in "British Weekly."]

When Strauss' first Life of Christ was published, an eminent critic said that his theories would be shattered against such facts as the resurrection of our Lord and the conversion of St. Paul. So it has turned out. In dealing with the resurrection of Christ we shall first of all state the meaning of the fact, next adduce its evidences, and in conclusion examine the explanation of its deniers. Students will see that, in criticising the explanations, we make use of Strauss' first Life of Jesus. We do so partly because no one can say that Strauss was prejudiced on the side of orthodoxy, but also because he of all those who have measured swords with Christ was the strongest, the ablest, the most candid, the most loyal to facts as he conceived them. No other sceptical critic can lay claim to a more piercing genius, to a genius which, like a flash, often lightens up in an instant the tangled underwood of thought, and attains its goal at once.

I. When Jesus died, the spirit which he had commended to the holy hands of the Father was received. The crucified body was laid in the grave. On the third day the grave was left empty, the Redeemer had risen to a new life.

He was not called back to the life of mortality. His body was transfigured into fresh lustre and beauty. It was the glorified body of the Resurrection. It was the same body that had been committed to the Tomb, and yet it was not the same, for it was revivified and transformed, and past the dominion of death forever. In this body he manifested himself to his disciples, and as this body could not live to die, he took leave of the world in the quiet triumph of the Ascension. The Ressurrection and the Ascension go together. Christ's body, if it had remained on earth, would have been with us still; but it was expedient for us that he should go away, and a cloud received him from the sight of the faithful. The two points on which faith must fasten are the empty grave and the ascension of the glorified body into the heavens. To all these there is the unbroken testimony of the New Testament. There is a strange and not quite honest effort on the part of some in these days to accept the Resurrection of Christ in words while actually denying it. But to talk of the resurrection of the spirit is preposterous. The spirit does not die, and therefore cannot rise. What is meant by those who hold such opinions is that the life of Jesus is like any other life, persistent beyond death. But that has nothing to do with resurrection of any kind. The one resurrection of which the New Testament knows, the one resurrection that allows to language any meaning, is the resurrection which leaves the grave empty.

II. The Resurrection of our Lord from the dead is in a sense the greatest of miracles, and no doubt needs to be proved by clear evidence. What happened when Jesus died on the tree? Those who slew him had no doubt. He had been defeated, stricken into powerless silence. What did his disciples think? Did they understand that his death did not end all, that it was in itself a triumph to be followed by the triumphs of his Resurrection, his Ascension, his Session on the eternal throne? On the contrary, they were weighed down, discomfited, overborne by thoughts of gloom, defeat, and death. They were stupefied and silent mourners, whilst he—the Sword of the Spirit—was quiet in the holy grave. Nothing is more certain than the hopelessness of the disciples, and it is that which gives such extraordinary weight to their witness. The stories of the Gospel cannot here be examined in detail, but no reader can fail to see the moods

of the disciples, the bewilderment, the despair, the dawning bliss, the half-believing rapture ending at last in undying joy, and coming from the sober certainty that the Lord was risen indeed, and that the whole face of life and death had been changed. Now the question is, what took place between the deep depression at the death of Jesus and the triumph that followed? What was it that made the sheep, so panic-stricken when the Shepherd was smitten on Good Friday, bold as lions on the day of Pentecost? The answer of the Gospels is that the Resurrection had happened. How can we account for the wave of strength and hope that suddenly swept over the deeply despondent conquerors of the world? Between the blank despair and the exultant gladness are we to place a delusion, a lie? No, between them we place the risen Lord, and nothing but the fact of his triumph will explain how those who had been trying in vain to deaden the agony of disappointment were suddenly filled with life and might and courage, realizing that when their Master made the step from old things to new, he made it for all his brethren.

Again, we have the uncontradicted testimony of St. Paul, a testimony which appears the more weighty the longer it is studied. We find the witness in the first extant New Testament writing, the first Epistle to the Thessalonians: "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus." "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." They are right who say that the apostle is appealing to the unquestioned and universal belief of Christians. In I Corinthians xv: 5-7, St Paul with calm precision enumerates five appearances of the Lord after his Resurrection. He also reminds the Corinthians of what he had delivered to them *first of all*, throwing back the date of his evidence some years, probably from the year 55 to 51. It is to be noted that though some in the apostolic age had doubts about the resurrection of Christians, there were apparently none as to the Resurrection of Christ. Paul made his appeal to a fact which admitted of no denial. He was speaking in the presence of contemporaries who might still be cross-questioned, with whom he had come into closest relationship, who had the means, and in some cases the will, to criticise him if they saw cause. Further, the Apostle claims to have seen the Lord himself. "Have not I seen Jesus Christ, our Lord?" "Last of all he was seen of me also as of one born out of due time." He has been talking of the other apostles as having seen the risen Lord, and ranks his sight with theirs. In other words, St. Paul's was not a subjective vision; it was an actual beholding with the bodily eyes. There was no doubt a mystic element in St. Paul, a perpetual side door for him into the unseen, a power of detaching himself from all sensible surroundings. But his claim to be an Apostle was not based on these inner secrets of his history, but on the fact that he had seen the Lord, and his whole life had been revolutionized. This is not the place in which to dwell on St. Paul's rich expositions and applications of the fact of the Resurrection. They all start from his recognition of Christ as one who had broken through the immemorial law and rule of death. Apart from the Ressurrection, St. Paul knew no Christianity. Baur says the Apostle regards the Ressurrection of Jesus as the principal doctrine of the Christian faith. "If Christ be not risen," said the Apostle, "then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." We are dealing, it will be noticed, with a universal conviction, what Strauss himself calls "a world-wide deception."

III. Is it possible to explain these facts away? Baur declined the attempt. He assumed the faith in the Resurrection as indisputable, and declined to attempt the tracing of its origins. It is fair to say, with Dr. Bruce, that "his reserve may have been due in part to prudential considerations, but it was due also doubtless to a vivid sense of the unsatisfactoriness of all past attempts to account for the belief in Christ's rising from the dead on naturalistic principles." We need not waste time on the hypothesis that the whole matter was fraudulent conspiracy on the part of Jesus or his disciples, or both combined. Christianity is not founded upon rottenness. What explanation does such a supposition give of the bounding and thrilling joy which was the mood of the Church? "Men of all schools in modern times would be ashamed to identify themselves with so base a suggestion." There are, however, three hypotheses which may be briefly stated and examined.

(1) It is suggested that Christ was not dead when he was taken from the Cross. He was merely in a swoon caused by pain and exhaustion. From this swoon he wakened in his grave, and came out and showed himself to his disciples. This notion, current before Strauss, has had no reputable advocate we know of in recent times except Huxley, who, however great as a man of science, was a child in Biblical criticism. Yet it was elaborately worked out before Strauss gave it its death blow, and in ways that suggest much to the imagination. It was said, for example, that Christ, on first coming out of the tomb, weak and sick, was obliged to remain by the grave, that his wounded body was so sensitive that he could not bear that Mary Magdalene should touch him (!), that he borrowed clothes from the gardener who dwelt near the grave, that as he recovered strength he ventured upon walks, and that, after long intervals of retirement, he was able to let Thomas touch his wounds. It was imagined that the white-robed messengers of the Resurrection were Essenes, that Christ retired with them to an Essene lodge, and there at last died quietly with none beside him that knew of his strange and terrible secret. Another writer imagined that Christ went on for long silently working for the welfare of mankind, but in ways of which we know nothing save in connection with the story of the conversion of St. Paul. Did he perish unknown, perhaps in some journey among the hills, leaving his body to be unburied or buried by strangers? The answer to this is simple and conclusive. Such a Christ, with unhealed wounds, spectral, feverish, marred, could only have weakened by his resuscitation the impression he made upon men in life and in death. Such a Jesus could not be the risen Conqueror and Son of God. Such a Jesus could not be the author of the Resurrection of joy and triumph. As Strauss says, He "could by no possibility have changed their sorrow into enthusiasm or have lifted their reverence into worship."

(2) There is the suggestion of visions. It is argued that the believing company were in a fit state of mind for seeing the dead Christ alive again. Mary Magdalene, susceptible, hysterical, thought she heard a slight noise, and that He called her "Mary." Or it is perhaps suggested that, by brooding on the Scriptures in Galilee, and visiting the old haunts, the disciples gradually got into the state of mind out of which visions sprang. The objections are numerous and insuperable. If the repetition of the same delusion in many different minds is possible, it is possible only in an atmosphere of heated and fanatical expectation of a certain event. But we know there was no expectation. We know that in the upper chamber, the doors of which were closed for fear of the Jews, there was naught but sorrow and sighing.

Let it be remembered that the disciples thought not only that they saw Christ, but that they conversed with him, that the interviews were held in various circumstances, and that there were many witnesses. It is admitted by Strauss himself that such a state of mind could only have been developed in considerable time. But the Gospel narrative begins them in three days, and ends them in little more than a month. Dr. Abbott holds that these visions continued nearly a year. Keim says that time is essential; but time cannot be given, and he rejects the hypothesis as without any reason. Nor would such subjective and morbid fancies, even if they could be conceived, account for the work and testimony and witness of the disciples on behalf of the risen Lord. Such feverish dreams would have ended in gloom, paralysis, and impotence. As the Christian church is not built upon rottenness, so it is not built upon mist.

(3) The last theory is that of Keim, and it is instructive as showing the desperate nature of the problem. Keim says that the living spirit of Jesus sent telegrams to the disciples, telegrams which gave them a vision bearing the likeness of the body laid in the grave, and still lying there. Well, but if this be so, we are back in the world of miracle. This is practically admitted by Keim, and Pfleiderer, the latest commentator on Strauss, complains that Keim "abandons the basis of strict history in the case of the story of the Resurrection of Jesus, and made concessions to supernaturalistic dogma; as the sequel of which the old doctrine of miracles may be readmitted into the lives of Jesus, as is really the case in the works of Beyschlag and Weiss." It has further been pointed out that this hypothesis really means that Christ deceives his people. He induces the disciples, and therefore the whole Christian church, to believe a lie. It may well be said that this is a poor foundation, to build Christianity upon a bastard supernaturalism, as difficult for unbelievers as the true supernaturalism of the New Testament, and by believers to be rejected. We are not quite sure that Dr. Bruce is right in saying that Strauss could not conceive of such a hypothesis. Strauss took the view that Spinoza also postulated a miracle to explain the belief in the Resurrection. Further, he had before him the supposition of Weiss that the departed spirit of Jesus really acted on the disciples whom he left behind.

The more the evidence is examined, the more clearly is the crowning miracle of Christianity established, and nowadays the tendency on the part of deniers is to attempt no explanation at all, but take refuge in the general assertion of the impossibility of the supernatural. But, as has been well said, it is better to believe in the supernatural than to believe in the ridiculous, and that is what it comes to. The Resurrection gives us the risen Lord, and his past and present contact with the souls of men. The words of Pressense deserve to be pondered: "The empty tomb of Christ has been the cradle of the Church, and if in this foundation of her faith the Church has been mistaken, she must needs lay herself down by the side of the mortal remains, I say, not of a man, but of a religion."

American occupation has deprived the Roman Catholic Church in Cuba of an annual revenue of $300,000 from the Spanish treasury. As a consequence, Bishop Sbarretti, of Havana, is in such desperate straits for money that he is offering church real estate at a discount of sixty-five cents on the dollar, but is not finding many purchasers. Cuban Catholics do not take readily to the self-support of their churches.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

"From Mud to Marble." First Stage. (Gen. xxviii: 10–22.)

Lesson X. September 8, 1901.

A new and important chapter in the religious history of mankind begins with the story of Jacob. It pictures for us the spiritual education of a man—vigorous, alike in mind and body, and with marked religious sensibilities; but calculating, selfish and, in the beginning of his career, far less personally attractive than his brother Esau. It records the transformation of an unprincipled trickster into a saint of God, the change from mud to marble, as another has termed it. It abounds in illustrations of the mysterious way in which God moves, "His wonders to perform," and of how, amid all the tangle of human affairs, his purposes steadily advance toward the predestined end. Certainly it ought to make us cautious in our estimates of men and of movements; to convince us that nothing is ever gained by attempting to thwart God's plans, or to take the management of affairs into our own hands, and, as the result, to lead us to commit our way unto the Lord, to trust also to him to bring every desirable end to pass.

Jacob's Exile.

Looking back through an interval of nearly four thousand years (1760 B. C.), we see a solitary traveler climbing the highlands of Judea. He is in the full vigor of athletic manhood (xxix: 10), but dust-stained and with the marks of weariness upon him. He has been on the road now for at least half a week, and has traveled sixty miles and more. Much of the way has been over the same paths which his father and grandfather had trodden, on their memorable journey from Beersheba to Moriah.

But how different their circumstances from his! They were acting under what seemed to them the direct mandate, and the favor, of Jehovah; he trod those ways as an outcast from home, fleeing for his life from the wrath of his brother, whom he had tricked out of both his birthright (xxv: 27-34) and of the special blessing of God's covenant with Abraham (xxvii: 1-41). That was the real occasion of Isaac's forced departure from home (xxvii: 42-45; xxxv: 1). Another reason was urged by Rebekah in securing Isaac's consent, viz., his marriage to a girl of their own kith and kin, rather than to one "of the daughters of the land" (xxvii: 46-xviii: 6). But this, though not without its weight, was not the operative cause of Jacob's flight (cf. xxvii: 42-45). Both the trick and the escape were of her devising. Jacob evidently came by his shiftiness in a perfectly natural way. He simply fell heir to the traits of Rebekah, according to the proverb: "Like parent, like child." The ways of the one are apt to be reproduced in the other. The ability to manage people, which she, in common with her family, so largely possessed, is a dangerous talent. Unless held in strict subordination to high and generous principles, it is sure to make mischief. Diplomacy is never overfriendly to "the simplicity of Christ."

One cannot help feeling the sadness of those tortuous ways which had brought about this lonely journey of Jacob. When we reflect upon that marring of God's good plans for securing the same end, which was involved in it; how Isaac himself invited Rebekah's trickery by his unauthorized attempt to secure his favorite son in the succession (xxvii: 1-3); how all their wretched scheming fell out, as such schemes are apt to do—the sup-

planter being, time and again, supplanted by wits equally as keen as his own (e. g., xxix:25; xxxi: 6, 19, 42; xxxvii 31-34); and how this parting of mother and son, which they had fondly hoped would be but for a few days, proved their final separation;—surely all this ought to instruct us, that the substantial goodness of a cause cannot atone for crooked ways of securing it; that a good cause does not need them, and a bad cause does not deserve them. Better, far better, to leave the working out of God's plans to himself.

And yet there is a brighter side to this exile of Jacob from his father's home. The peace of the family was not disturbed by those contentions which, otherwise, had been inevitable. (Instance, family dissension over money.) In its own way also it subserved God's plan of developing a nation, free from the abominations of surrounding tribes. It fell into a providential course, which we have often occasion to mark in biblical history. God, we may thus observe, was continually enriching the line of his chosen people, by the introduction and assimilation of foreign elements. Rebekah, Rachel, Asenath, Zipporah, Rahab, Ruth, and others, are illustrations of this process—a process which, so far as it came about under God's direction, improved the Jewish race, while not breaking down the separating walls from surrounding heathenism. It was a process, also, as we may see, which is now at work under another name, the working of which is apparent in the superiority of mixed races over those derived from a single stock.

The Dream.

The lonesome days Jacob had spent upon the road, full of bitter reflections and sad forebodings as they were, was not lost time. They were like the solitary confinement of criminals. And when under the depression of sad and self-accusing thoughts, he trod the defiles leading into the hill country, it was in a different and far more hopeful frame of mind than when Rebekah and he were congratulating themselves upon the success of their unholy scheme for securing the covenanted blessing. In this chastened spirit we may imagine him as looking up the rocky hill-slope—as it were, a giant stairway—thought, also, and aspiration following sight heavenward; and musing upon all that Abraham and his father had told him of the revelations vouchsafed to them, and of the solemn joy of communion with the Most High. Would such experiences ever be his own? What, indeed, had the dreaded future in store for him?

And now night is settling down upon him. Not far away is the town of Bethel, near which his grandfather first had halted built an altar, and worshiped his new-found God. Where can he better spend the night than amid such hallowed associations? So, resting his head upon a stone, and drawing his shepherd's cloak about him, he lies down to sleep (xxviii: 10, 11). Sleeping, he dreams; the images taking form as they are wont, from surrounding conditions. The rocky hill is transformed into a stairway, heaven-high; celestial beings throng its steps, and at its summit stands a Presence, which he recognizes as divine! Then, down from the height, descend gracious words: "I am Jehovah, the God of Abraham thy father and the God of Isaac." The promises of God to them, familiarized by many a reverent report, are made over to himself, and with greater fullness than ever before. To this also was added the promise of constant protection and care; "for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." (xxviii: 12-15.)

About this dream we need have no questionings. In its external features it doubtless was natural. But essentially, it was a divine revelation. God, the personal God, was speaking, thus and then, to his child. And the purpose of the revelation was equally clear—Jacob's heartenment. A rough and toilsome way was that which stretched before him; trouble and disappointments were to be the staple of his future life. There was need of consolation, strong and varied, to carry him through the times when heart and flesh would fail. Hence this picture of the unbroken connection between himself and God, of God's ever watchful providence, observant of his needs and prompt to help, as it were a troop of angels carrying hence his pleas and bringing down the divine response. The reassuring promise was but the interpretation and confirmation of the scene.

So Jesus himself taught to Nathaniel its significance. So he, the divine-human Mediator, stands between God and men, their Intercessor and the channel of God's grace (John i: 57).

But does it not seem strange that this, so wonderful cheer, should have been granted at such a time? Would it not have seemed the natural way to have emphasized then the penitential aspects of the case, and only *subsequently* brought in the comfort? Yes, that would have been the natural way. The divine way is precisely the reverse. For God's treatment of Jacob then, was quite in line with his usual course. Gifts are apportioned according to need, and not merely to deserts. Grace, not merit, determines them. In their first stages, indeed, they often seem tentative—foretastes, as it were, of blissful possibilities, encouragements to efforts for which otherwise there would be no heart. So our Lord Jesus dealt with the paralytic at the pool of Bethesda (John v: 8 cf. 14), with whom it was first the healing, and afterwards the admonition. So it sometimes is, in the bestowment of spiritual revival upon a lifeless church or community. "Mercy drops fall" *in order to* the "showers of blessing." We are saved by hope, not by despair. Sin and conscience can breed remorse, but grace is the spur to repentance, and the sinner's uplifting power.

The Awakening.

"And Jacob waked out of his sleep." It was a new man who arose from that hillside couch, and looked up that rocky slope—new in hope, and, we may trust, in underlying purpose. He had seen God, and God had recognized him as in the direct line of covenant with Abraham, His friend. He could hardly have believed this when, full of remorseful thoughts, he had pillowed his head upon the stones. But it came to him then, as a like assurance sometimes dawns upon us, and with it an awe in which joy and fear were blended. He had laid down in the desolation of one who feels himself abandoned and alone; he had awaked to the consciousness that the God of Abraham and the Fear of Isaac was filling all that place; the encircling hills were the walls of God's house; and where he stood was the doorway leading into heaven! Dreadful, but oh, how full of bliss, the thought! Nevermore could he be really alone! Always that Eye upon him, and those ministering spirits about him! Ever, that Ear open to his plea, and those gracious, reassuring words to strengthen his heart: "I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." O, the goodness of it all! O, the shame of unbelieving, tortuous ways! So needless, too, they were! For all this time the counsel of the Lord had been standing sure, and the promise to his father had been steadily in God's mind! If only he could have waited! Ah, yes, we know it all!

What a thought that was for Jacob to carry with him, what a transforming thought for us, also—this of the whole earth as a sanctuary, every foot of it glorified by God's presence—

"Where'er we seek him he is found
And every place is hallowed ground.

So Jesus taught the woman of Samaria (John iv: 20-24); so expjerience is continually teaching Christian hearts.

It was a natural and graceful act of Jacob, rising up in joyful haste, by suitable memorials (vv. 18, 19) to fix that experience of his in visible form, and to secure that sanctuary in perpetual remembrance. Are there not sacred spots in our memories, also, associated with experiences, joyous or sad, the thought of which thrills us with unwonted emotion, and stirs us up to nobler lives? God met us there. Is our grateful memorial also there?

Jacob's Religion.

He had one after that, however it might have been before—a real and positive force in his life. He did not reach sainthood at once. Very far from it. The spiritual journey before him was long and arduous, and his falls were many and grievous. But the mud was henceforth gradually taking on the form and the lustre of the marble. The way in which he goes about the expressing of his new religious impulses shows their defects. Jacob began pretty much as many people nowadays begin to walk the new way. Salvation meant to him chiefly personal advantage. Other-worldliness was overtopping worldliness; that seemed about all. He wanted God to be *his* God and to supply *his* needs, mostly physical, at that (vv. 20, 21). The promises for his descendants, and for his own benefactions to the world (v. 14) seem to have made comparatively little impression upon this shrewd man of business. As to his motives, also, the tradesman's instinct is evident throughout. It is a bargain between himself and God. *If* God will do so and so, *then* he on his part will meet God's advance (v. 22).

It is all very easy to pick flaws in Jacob's piety, just as we can in the beginnings of much of the Christian life of today. And yet, it must not be overlooked, how genuine was his recognition of God as the source of all he hoped for; how real his dependence upon God for the direction of his life and the attainment of desired ends; and how true his appreciation of God's claim upon his grateful service. He solemnly takes Jehovah henceforth to be his personal sovereign; he charges it upon himself and puts it into permanent, visible form (v. 18), not to forget God, or his own obligations to worship; and he promises to set apart, for religious uses, a proportion of his gross receipts, which only a few of the professedly Christian people of today, with all their added light, and infinitely tenderer relations, can be induced to dedicate to the incomparably larger service of their redeeming God (v. 22).

* * *

And so this most faulty but genuine convert leaves this sanctuary, hallowed now, not only by historic memories (xii: 8; xiii: 3, 4), but by his own most sacred experiences, and again takes up his solitary way. He does not leave behind him the consequences of past transgressions; for the burden of these, and the pain of these, he will carry with him to the grave. Even to the last he seems to dwell in the shadow. Nor has he, as he again takes up his journey, shaken himself loose from the infirmities of disposition, and the sinful ways of the past. For the fruit of the Spirit can not so quickly ripen as that. Sanctification must be with him, as with most of us, not only an arduous, but a long and painful process, a discipline—

"Of outward woes and inward fears
Sickness and strife,
Idols taken from him one by one,
Till he could dare to live with God alone!"

But the process had begun, and the world henceforth to him was a new world; and he himself God's new creation, and heir to every covenant blessing.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Lesson X. September 8, 1901.

Heavenly Helpers. (II Kings vi: 15-17.)

Low ideals always result from a small life. The efforts of today and our plans for the future are measured by what we desire to accomplish. No man becomes what he may or plans what he ought who does not aim for the impossible in the human vision. One of the sad views of humanity is the prevalence of helplessness. That is, we do not appreciate or make use of the help at hand for high attainment. "I cannot help it" is one of the most doleful refrains almost universally repeated. Elisha's servant would have run away if he could have done so. The world today is full of people running away from duty, from service and from glorious possibilities, because they do not see or do not value the help of which they may avail themselves. Some of the great evils linger among us and continue their dreadful work with homes and lives because men say, "It cannot be helped." A thousand Elishas are praying that their eyes may be opened to see the divine host ready to fight in these battles, and God himself is filling the hills with his army, but they will not open their eyes.

* * *

The first practical query of this topic is to question with ourselves whether we, in our individual lives or in our life as churches and departments of work, are aiming to accomplish as much as the help of God will enable us to reach. In the world of business perhaps you and I are aiming high. We have scanned the horizon and discover all the aids of which we can avail ourselves. So we have put ourselves into touch with these forms of assistance—the schools, the friends, the favorable events and the encouraging conditions of society. So, with the assistance of all these helps, we are pushing ourselves with all our might for some large success. This may also be true in the way of education, or position, or some lesser ambition. We have our hand upon all the forces by which we may accomplish what is in our minds to do.

* * *

But how is it with us in attaining a high and strong Christian character and accomplishing the work for God of which the world is sadly in need? There are personal habits from which we need to break away. There is work at our hand which ought to be done. Many matters in our church and society and community are waiting to be righted, and carried on to far better conditions. What are we doing about them? Are we hiding behind the expression, "It cannot be done"? Is there something in our temper of mind or conduct of life which we regret, but say of it, "I cannot help it"? Are we as Endeavor societies looking some conditions of our church or our town in the face and saying, while we sigh over the facts, "It is too bad, but there is no help for it"?

* * *

There is help! and that is one of the first convictions which a Christian should feel. As God saw things, there was no danger threatening Elisha and his servant. From his point of view, instead of having cause for fear of discouragement, they had every reason to be confident, to be full of courage and to keep on in their course. Nothing is needed more today in our lives than this open vision, which sees the hills full of the hosts of God in waiting for the conflicts of this life of ours. God has not come out of the heavens to command us to do this work or that, and then retired out of sight to await the result of our unaided attempts. His commands are only the trumpeters who ride in advance of his armies.

Whatever is necessary to be done, to bring about in your life or in this world what he has said shall be, some time will be accomplished. Not what you think possible is the work to which you ought to give your time and effort, but to whatever ought to be. The best work that men have ever done has often been work for which there was no visible encouragement in their day. The day of our Lord's crucifixion was a day of gloom from every point of view the world furnished; but from heaven it was the brightest day the universe had ever seen. There is altogether too much said, or, at least, said in altogether too narrow a way, about "the common sense view." It is the un-common sense view that God puts before us. Elisha's servant took the common sense view; the prophet took the view which was not common.

* * *

That is what is greatly needed today. The world, the people with little or no faith, those who have little disposition to fight the great battles of the Christian life, are eager to take the "common sense view." But the view of faith—that in human discipline and world education which appears impossible from every earthly prospect, they listen to with dull ears and laggard minds. With us Endeavorers, this ought not to be! Ours should be the faith to undertake with confidence whatever God has placed before us as desirable. The "sense" we need is sense enough to act as if God's hosts are fighting for all that he has said shall be.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Mrs. S. M. Dodge.
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Home Secretary.....Mrs. C. B. Bradley.
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576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Branch Secretary.....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.....Miss Grace Goodhue.
1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

Annual Meeting.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific will be held in the Third Congregational church, San Francisco, Rev. Wm. Rader, pastor, on September 4, 1901 (the church is on Fifteenth street, near Mission).

The morning session will begin at ten; the afternoon at 1:30. Lunch will be served, as usual, at fifteen cents each.

Miss Denton of Japan and Misses Barker and Perkins of India will give addresses, and Mrs. Farnam will tell us of the mission stations of various Boards that she visited while abroad. We urge attendance by the ladies of all our churches, or of any church, assuring you of an interesting program, a little good music and a very cordial welcome. Auxiliaries are earnestly requested to send as many delegates as possible; and if there are auxiliaries who have not yet rejoiced the heart of the treasurer by a contribution, please remit as soon as possible, that her report may be complete. *Mrs. A. P. Peck.*

Report of Young Ladies' Branch.

The Branch held its sixteenth annual meeting at Bethany church, San Francisco, Saturday, August 17th. The devotional exercises were led by Dr. Pond, pastor of the church. He read from the sixteenth chapter of Roman's the account of the "sisters of the church," and spoke a few words about the work done by women and the beautiful tribute paid to them all through the New Testament.

The business of the meeting was next taken up, and reports were listened to from the treasurer and from the two secretaries. The special matter of business of the afternoon was announced by the President, and came as a surprise to some of those present. Mrs. Wheat explained that the Executive Board had been talking over the advisability of joining the Woman's Board as far as the meetings are concerned. A motion was made to disband the Young Ladies' Branch and to be connected directly with the Woman's Board, this move not to interfere at all with the life of the auxiliaries who would continue to contribute to foreign missionary work directly through the Board. Upon discussing the question it was found to be impossible to disband altogether, as the Branch is a part of the Woman's Board, an incorporated body, so the motion was withdrawn. A committee was appointed by the chair, consisting of representatives from the auxiliaries of the Branch, its officers and representatives from the Woman's Board. This committee is to make a report of what is necessary to be done at a business meeting of the Branch, to be held Wednesday, September 4th.

After the singing of a hymn, Miss Barker was introduced, to speak on her work among the colored people of the South. She has worked among them for six years. She was at first very ignorant of what the colored people really are, but soon found them very human and very easy to lead, but hard to drive. They soon know who loves them for Christ's sake, and will do anything for such a person. Miss Barker has been teaching in a Baptist school. The people are very ignorant and superstitious. Wayland Seminary is the chief college for the colored people in Washington, D. C. It is sending out teachers and preachers from its theological department, to teach the people purity of life and a higher morality.

Mrs. Pierce was introduced and spoke a few words on the young ladies' work in the Baptist church as she knows it. It is much the same as in the Congregational church—in fact, the Baptist missionary work owes its life to Congregationalism. Mrs. Pierce said we cannot do any true missionary work until we learn to make all our work the work of the Lord.

Miss Denton was the next speaker. She is soon to return to her work in Japan, and that gave an added interest to all she said. She spoke particularly of the work of Miss Gunnison, who was for so many years supported by the Young Ladies' Branch. The Japanese are true hero-worshipers, and they considered it a very fine, courageous thing for Miss Gunnison to go alone to Matsuyama and teach there until her health broke down. Miss Gunnison went to Matsuyama without knowing much of the work and did a very noble work there.

The afternoon session was closed with the Doxology, and a benediction by Dr. Pond.

The Basket Supper was not very well attended, but was thoroughly enjoyed by those who were present. Before we arose from the table a short missionary catechism was presented by Mrs. Wheat. The answers to her questions were all taken from the American Board Almanac, and had been copied on slips of paper beforehand. This was intended to show how much information may be derived from the Almanac, which should be read by every one.

The evening meeting was opened by a devotional half-hour, led by the President. The subject was "The Least of These," and closed with a testimony from those present.

The pastor of the church, Dr. Pond, led in prayer.

This was followed by a duet by two Chinese girls, one of them a daughter of Mr. Gee Gam.

Miss Denton spoke on the work done in Japan. In Tokio there are three independent churches. The churches in Tokio raise more money pro rata than the churches in England and America. Miss Denton made an especial plea for some small articles to take back to Japan with her. She asked for cards of all kinds, especially Christmas cards, illuminated texts, calendars, textbooks, booklets, Testaments, hair-ribbons for the girls, tops, balls, etc., for the boys, and anything else that will please the children at Christmas time. These things are to be sent to Mr. Frear's office as soon as possible, as Miss Denton may sail for Japan on September 4th. A duet was sung by Mr. Pond Mooar Gee and Mr. Luther McLean Gee, sons of Mr. Gee Gam.

Mrs. Wheat read a little story, and the meeting was adjourned after a solo by Mr. Pond Mooar Gee, to meet Wednesday, September 4th, at 9:30 a. m.

Alice M. Flint, Rec. Sec'y.

Church News.

Southern California.

Los Angeles, Central Ave.—The Sunday-school even in the summer outing season needs more room than the present church affords. Its present enrollment is about 250. It lately voted to admit the Roll of Honor plan for securing increased attendance. The aim, as stated by Pastor Rowell, was to reach an enrollment of not less than 300. This means an increased impetus to the movement to build a new church.

Los Angeles.—Rev. A. B. Case, Superintendent of the work of the California Spanish Mission (interdenominational), on account of impaired health from overwork, was constrained to turn aside a few weeks ago and "rest awhile" at Santa Barbara. His attention there has been much engaged by the encouraging opening for work among the Spanish-speaking people; but his health is reported as improving and he is expected to take up his wider range of work with his accustomed vigor in September.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. Chas. Kirtland has been called to the pastorate at Sonoma.

Rev. W. H. Scudder, pastor of Park church, Berkeley, supplied at San Mateo last Sunday.

Rev. G. H. Wilbur of Soquel, sending two dollars in renewal of subscription, says: "The paper is well worth the amount."

Rev. William Rader preached at Alameda Sunday morning, Rev. J. A. Cruzan preaching for him in the Third church.

Prof. George Mooar of Pacific Theological Seminary returned last week from the East. Prof. R. R. Lloyd has returned also.

Mrs. L. L. Wirt and children left Oakland last week for Newcastle, New South Wales, where Mr. Wirt is pastor of the Congregational church.

The Rev. William Rader will speak at the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting next Monday on the subject, "The Workingman and the Church of Today."

Rev. Frank N. Merriam, pastor of the Congregational church at Turner's Falls, Massachusetts, is visiting Oakland relatives. He preached at Petaluma last Sunday.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff was at Park church, Berkeley, on Sunday. He was impressed with the work there. Reports a fine Sunday-school. One thing this church is not omitting at any time is the Sunday evening after-meeting.

Rev. E. S. Williams preached to a good congregation in the school house at Chimacum, Washington, Sunday evening, August the 18th. Arrangements were made for a Sunday-school to begin on the 25th, and with prospect of steady support.

The next meeting of the Bay Association will be held with the Fruitvale church on Tuesday, September 10th, in the afternoon and evening. The general theme of the meeting will be "The Progress of the Kingdom." Three-minute reports from the churches will be given, and the Lord's Supper will be celebrated in the afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Cruzan of Hilo announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edith, to Mr. Arthur Fickenscher of San Francisco in this city on August 22d. The marriage took place in San Francisco, the ceremony being performed by Mr. Cruzan. Mr. Fickenscher is organist at St. Luke's Episcopal church and instructor in the piano department of the Von Meyerinck school of music in this city. Miss Cruzan was his assistant last year.

Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy has been called to a position at the head of the department of philosophy in Washington University, at St. Louis. Mr. Lovejoy is a son of Prof. W. W. Lovejoy of Oakland. He resigned from a professorship in Stanford University some months ago because of the dismissal of Professor Ross. Washington University is one of the leading universities of the Southwest.

Our Aim.

Rev. George E. Atkinson.

To be faithfully loyal to our Church, yet to have goodwill and fellowship toward all, and to make the influence of the Church as helpful as possible. To have a mission in life, and in our hearts the consciousness of a personal responsibility, and thus to let our prayers plan our lives. To permit our religion to lighten our burdens, and to use them as giving us power in lifting the burdens from others. To be incorruptibly honest, seriously in earnest, and whole-heartedly Christian. To have an enthusiasm for goodness, to view goodness as fundamental, happiness as incidental, character as important, and God's will supreme. To keep conscience above comfort, duty above delight, and our souls superior to our senses. To seek to adjust men to the truth as revealed in the Bible, to bring to them the living power of God's truth, to vitalize that truth in character, and reproduce it in manhood. To stand for liberty, not oppression; principle, not compromise; truth, not error; and for the Word of God always. To be true whoever is false, generous where others grasp, sweet tempered when others are fretful, patient amid distractions, bold against difficulties, hopeful under trials, and a Christian always. To work more vigorously, pray more earnestly, and sing more cheerily. To regard as unimportant the shout of the multitude, but to listen for the Master's "Well Done." And finally, so to live that our Best will be crowned by the Father's Better.

Etna, Cal.

Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

The Rev. Edmund Jones has accepted the call received from the recently recognized church at Mullan, Idaho, and has begun to serve it as a regular pastor. He has a united company of earnest workers, who are ready to sacrifice for the cause.

The work of providing for a house of worship goes on satisfactorily.

The evangelists, Dickson and Fulton, closed their series of meetings in the mining camps of the Couer d'Alenes last week. During the last week at Mullan they held services at the boarding house of the Morning Mines, about two miles from town. Nearly all the 200 miners listened attentively, many of them joining heartily in the singing. This is the only way that many of the miners can be reached and the method should be adopted more generally in order to secure the best results. The last three weeks were spent at Burke, a town of 1,200 people without a church or place of worship. The main street is narrow and half the business houses are saloons. In the evening a large number of miners are on the street, mostly in front of the saloons and Miners' Union hall. By standing in the center of the railroad track, which runs through the street, the speaker would have around him a congregation of two or three hundred. The writer observed with interest that all the saloons would soon be vacant after the singing began. And most invariably the bartenders would come to the door and remain there till the end of the meeting. Although this town has had a reputation for lawlessness, and is the stronghold of the Miners' Union, yet they gave as cordial a welcome to the evangelists, and listened as respectfully and attentively to the gospel, as any people could do. The last public meeting was held in the Miners' Union hall, which was crowded. It was a meeting of power, when four men gave evidence of definite committal of themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. G. R. Wallace, Westminster church, Spokane, and family, have returned home after spending a month at the seashore. The Doctor occupied his pulpit last Sunday morning.

The trustees of Eells Academy, Colville, have decided to open the school in September. It is hoped that Mr. William Worthington, instructor in Greek at Whitman College last year, will accept the position of principal. The Rev. J. M. Williams is settled as pastor of the church at Colville and he and family are occupying the parsonage.

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The Philippine Constabulary.

Rev Dr. Stuntz in California Christian Advocate

The Civil Commission is giving the world an astonishing exhibition of legislative fecundity. They bring forth an almost bewildering variety of bills, covering all sorts of subjects, and wrought out into the least and last detail, in the most painstaking fashion. To merely read the bills which the Commission have enacted into laws is a formidable task. The "Municipal Code" alone is a pamphlet of seventy-three pages, requiring ten pages of index. The legislation calling into being a free-school system for all these eight millions will stand as a monument of wise and statesmanlike work when the end of all things overtakes this busy world. The bill which provided the new courts of justice is a truly great document, and must have cost much brain sweat. The framers had to cut their way through a jungle of judicial precedent of three centuries' growth. They had to adapt the best results of the best jurists in America and Europe to existing conditions in the Philippines. The task was one of great difficulty and of great delicacy. That it has been done, and that the new courts are now at work throughout the islands, with American jurists of experience and integrity on the bench, is matter for gratitude for all lovers of "the naked justice that maketh a nation great."

The latest bill to be launched is the Insular Constabulary Bill, framed by the Southern member of the Commission—General Wright. It attempts a new thing in police provisions. It was necessary that it should be new. It was devised to meet new conditions. Unless the Burmah of Theebaw could be cited as presenting a similar condition, nothing exactly like the Philippine situation has been met with in modern history.

For two centuries, at the lowest estimate, the country has been plagued with a class of pitiless highwaymen known as "ladrones." What the thug was in India, that, in part, the ladrone has been and now is to the Philippines. The difference would lie, not in the bloodthirstiness of the thug, but in the religious motive that urged him on. He was a servant of Kali, the goddess of destruction, and every time his deadly slung-shot or bludgeon crushed the skull of a victim Kali had one more deed set down to her credit. Not so with the ladrone. He neither claimed nor felt the need for any such motive. He killed for the sheer luxury of seeing blood flow, and for the incidental profits gained from robbing the person and dwelling of the dead. These ladrones have cut a large figure in the Spanish occupation of the islands. They have been exceedingly convenient to officials who, like Ahab, desired certain vineyards and corner lots whose owners were unwilling to sell them. The ladrone has been found a convenient and comparatively inexpensive instrument for accomplishing what Jezebel worked out by means of her forged letters calling upon pious officers of the law to stone the man whose land was not on the market when a king wanted to buy. The official who found these men of blood so convenient at certain crises of an administration aimed steadily and consistently at personal profit, and was not likely to be unduly zealous in carrying out orders for his extermination. Hence these wretches have flourished in all parts of the islands, and have now to be seriously reckoned with in the new order of things.

The new Municipal Code provides for a police force in each municipality. But for at least two reasons this force is certain to be inadequate to protect lift and property. In fact, there are three reasons, but with excellent reserve the framer of the bill has named but two. His reasons are, in brief, the poverty of the several municipal-

ities as the result of the war and of the years of the insurrection which preceded our share of fighting. Municipalities are not financially able to equip and maintain a force of police sufficiently numerous and sufficiently well trained to cope with these marauding bands.

Then, too, much of the surface of the islands is not embraced within any municipality. Mountain districts, where for miles there is no human habitation, furnish shelter for these enemies of all safety and order. From these fastnesses they can and will pounce upon the peacefully inclined village people, murder them, burn their houses, and run their cattle off laden with spoil. It therefore becomes an imperative necessity that some police system should be devised that would not need to rely for its financial support upon the slender and too often exhausted revenues of small municipalities, but would be supported from Insular funds, and one also that would not be limited in the area of its activities to municipal limits.

The other reason which makes the new police arrangements a necessity is the entirely natural lack of confidence which the Commission must feel in the executive abilities of these new and untried municipalities. The men who are entrusted with power to organize and officer municipal police are men who, whatever excellencies of character they possess, are entirely new to that kind of work. They have always been governed, or duly mis-governed; but the government of themselves, and of the territory embraced within their municipal limits, is something as to which it would be strange if the Commission did not feel misgivings. Representative municipal government in India has proved a failure. In no case of which I was aware in eight years' residence there was it much more than a travesty upon government "of the people, for the people and by the people." It was practically what the representative territorial legislature of the Hawaiians has been—during this, its first year— a demonstration of legislative incapacity writ large for the world to read. Of course, General Wright was too much of a diplomat to intimate that this last named reason influenced him or the Commission. And, indeed, I have no word from the Commission that it did so influence them; but if it did not, I think the less of their discernment. It influences all thinking men who have watched with thoughtful interest the attempts of other colonizing Powers to introduce Western methods of representative government into Eastern lands.

This new Insular Constabulary Bill provides for a police system appointed by and directly responsible to the central civil government. Under a superintendent and adequate office staff in Manila, the bill provides for a chief and four assistant chiefs, all Americans, and from one to four inspectors in each province. These officers will have general oversight of all municipal police. They will see to it that in drill and efficiency these local protectors of the people are up to date. They will also have jurisdiction over every foot of the archipelago, whether embraced within municipal limits or not. It is well understood that the chief business of the Insular Constabulary is to hunt down and exterminate the last band of ladrones in the islands. For this reason the Chief and his assistants are given large powers in matters of discretion and discipline. The intention is to choose only men of proven courage and integrity for these positions, and then give them as free a hand as possible in their work.

In submitting his bill for a final hearing in open session of the Commission General Wright said: "The power to arrest and punish any member of the Insular Constabulary who is found guilty of acts of oppression or who fails to perform his duties is ample. The Central Insular Government assumes all responsibility. It would be too much to expect that in these islands, which have been in turmoil for four years, there should not be a lawless element left behind, and it is entirely conceivable that the police will be used by municipalities for personal rather than municipal ends. The purpose of the duty of inspection is to prevent this. It is believed that under an honest and intelligent supervision and direction by people appointed under this Act this force will protect the weak and law-abiding from the strong and lawless."

The bill passed at the session on Friday, July 19, 1901, and took effect from the date of its passage. It is understood that Major Sime, an ex-volunteer officer with an excellent record, will be the new official head of the Insular Constabulary. If he takes hold of the work that will fall to him to do with the vigor and grasp displayed by Colonel Sleeman of the Department of Thuggee and Dacoity in British India, he will deserve to win as honorable a name as that distinguished man has won by his brilliant success in stamping out the last smoldering brand of Thuggism in his imperial bailiwick.

With free schools to educate the rising generation, a pure judiciary working under a newly-framed Code of Procedure to administer justice, and with a Police or Constabulary whose powers are large and whose jurisdiction is limited only by the limitations of the something like twelve hundred islands that form this new American Oriental possession, we who live here should be convinced that the intentions of the administration are benevolent, and that the tendency of their work will be in the direction of the highest interests of the four race-streams now mingled here.

Manila, P. I., July 22, 1901.

After the Boys.

During Major Hilton's meetings in Cincinnati he related a story of a boy in Chicago, nine years of age, who came to school drunk, and being taken in the arms of an officer, his head pillowed on his breast, he coaxed the little one to tell him where he got the vile stuff. After thinking a moment he got up and felt in his pocket, which was filled with old nails, bits of string, a top, etc., but he could not see the thing he wanted; he looked on the floor, and there he saw what he had dropped, a bright picture card, on the edge of which were small squares and some of these were punched. "What is this?" the officer asked, "My beer card; each boy gets a card and each hole is a drink, and the boy that gets the most holes in a month gets a prize." There are three prizes, a pistol, a story of three devils and a whisky cocktail.

One of the Cincinnati teachers felt impressed to relate the story to a class of fifty-five boys. The eager eyes, the distressed looks will not be forgotten. Then they opened their hearts to her how men in Cincinnati "play pool," and the winner receives brass checks for drinks, and gives them to the boys at the baseball ground on Sunday. "Can I get some of them?" said she. "Yes'm," "Well, bring me some." During the rest of the week, in the press of school duties, the matter was forgotten by the busy teacher, but not by the boys.

When school was called on Monday morning, the first question was, "Will you take the checks now, Miss R?" and immediately four brass checks were handed to her, each bearing the name of the saloon-keeper and five cents.

This is the way the men push the saloon business. A man who is mean enough to sell rum, is as a rule, mean enough to do almost anything.—National Advocate.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Tone of Voice.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

Few words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—
Whether you mean it or care—
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—Youth's Companion.

An Unloving Mother.

A family living in the Rocky Mountains owned, a few years ago, two dogs, Queenie and Brownie.

Queenie was not highly moral. On occasion she would appropriate to her own use whatever tempted her. Brownie would stand looking sternly at her and growling in a subdued but emphatic manner, as though repeating the Eighth Commandment, to the breaking of which, in dog theology, there semed to be attached some fearful penalty. Brownie never stole; but Queenie never seemed at all impressed by his superior moral character. And there came a day when she proved herself capable of even deeper moral turpitude.

Queenie became the mother of five fine puppies. Now it is generally supposed that all mothers in certain groups of the lower animals will fight, sacrifice and, if necessary, die for their young. But, alas! poor, depraved Queenie seemed determined to be the exception.

Whenever and wherever the horse belonging to this particular family went, Queenie felt that it was her peculiar right to go. For a time after the puppies came, she was prevented from taking these trips by being shut in the barn with them. But one afternoon, after the horse was harnessed, she could nowhere be found, and the horse and its driver started for the neighboring town. When about a mile from home her ladyship suddenly appeared in the road, and managed to make the whole journey.

It transpired later that early in the morning she had visited five different families in the little town, and at each she had left a puppy. It seemed a curious fact, though it may have been merely a coincidence, that in every place selected there were small children. The testimony of each family was about the same; a noise, something like a knocking, was heard at the door, and upon its being opened the little mother came in with a puppy in her mouth, laid it on the floor, wagged her compliments and departed, without the least hesitation.

It is good to think that a remnant of maternal solicitude animated the breast of this unnatural mother, for a wise selection had been made in each case, and the puppies, though forsaken by their mother, were well cared for in their adopted homes. Queenie was never known to visit any of her puppies.—Pets and Animals.

Only a Boy.

There is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India, to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hinduism.

At the commencement of the proceedings he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very anxiously and listening very wistfully. He now came forward.

"What, my boy, do you want to join the Church?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you are very young, and if I were to receive you into fellowship with this church to-day, and then you were to slip aside, it would bring discredit upon this church and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again in about six months. Now, you be very loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ during that time, and if, when I come again at the end of the half year, I find you still steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly."

No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and one, speaking for the rest, said, "Why, sir, it is he that has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ."

And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church, the honored instrument in the hand of God of saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.—"Forward."

A Lesson for the Crown Prince.

As a child, the crown prince of Germany possessed a very exalted opinion of his own importance, of which his younger brothers were frequently the victims. When poor Eitel Fritz, the second son, rebelled, he paid the penalty in well-administered cuffs. The emperor appeared unexpectedly in the playroom one day, and, finding Fritz in tears, demanded the cause.

"He wouldn't obey me," replied his heir, "and so I punished him, because I'm crown prince."

"Haven't I forbidden you to strike your brothers?" asked his father.

The young culprit nodded assent. The emperor, without a word, stretched him across his knee and administered as sound a spanking as ever youngster, royal or otherwise, received.

"There," he concluded, "I've whipped you because you wouldn't obey me, and I'm emperor."

Needless to say, peace reigned among the brothers for some days afterward.—Collier's Weekly.

Five-year-old Faith

In the family of several children, one little five-year-old was busily watching all the rest at play. Mamma was sick and all the children were playing with rag dolls except Neddy—there wasn't one for him. Going to his mamma he asked her permission to use the telephone. After ringing he says:

"Hello, exchange!"

Hello!" came back the answer.

"Please give me heaven."

There was a great surprise in the exchange office for a moment, and then the answer was shouted back:

"All right; connected with heaven!"

Neddy than said: "Dear God, please make mamma well, and send us another rag baby for we are one short, and I can't play with the children."

This is an actual fact.—"Childs' Gem.

The Home.

Wrought Into Gold.

I saw a smile; to a poor man 'twas given,
And he was old.
The sun broke forth; I saw that smile in heaven
Wrought into gold,
Gold of such lustre never was vouchsafed to us,
It made the very light of day more luminous.

I saw a toiling woman sinking down,
Footsore and cold.
A soft hand covered her—the humble gown,
Wrought into gold,
Grew straight imperishable, and will be shown
To smiling angels gathered 'round the judgment throne.

Wrought into gold! We that pass down life's hours
So carelessly
Might make the dusty way a path of flowers
If we would try.
Then every gentle deed we've done, or kind word given,
Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich in heaven.

—The Silver Cross.

A Home-maker.

During the summer I visited a young friend who has been a housewife only a year and a half. I had some curiosity about Nora's housekeeping, for she had had little training in the art, and the wiseacres said, on hearing of her marriage, that she was not cut out for a poor man's wife.

John was a poor man and Nora did not keep a maid; but her management of her six-room suburban cottage was a marvel to me. It showed how largely love and sagacity can supply deficiencies.

I will not tell you of her household furnishings, where time and taste did what money so often fails to accomplish; but I wish to mention a few of her plans that may be of use to other young housekeepers.

She would serve a menu after this style: Sandwiches with chopped meat, olives or radishes, cottage cheese in balls, pressed veal or chicken, deviled eggs, potato salad, a gelatine or custard cold pudding, angel cake and ice cream. On a hot day this was far more tempting than the usual cooked dinner or luncheon.

Nora always packed her dinner dishes on the kitchen table and washed then the next morning with the breakfast things. "I can't afford to spend my evenings washing dishes," she said. "I want that time to read or talk with John."

Nora had an adorable baby four months old. It was one of those healthy, well-reared infants, that sleep all night, are fed at regular intervals and coo contentedly to themselves in their waking hours. The part of its training that impressed me most was its daily romp. This may seem a curious word in connection with so tiny a baby, but here are the facts:

About 7 o'clock Nora dressed the baby in a warm room and laid her on a folded comforter on the couch. Then she rubbed her thoroughly, while baby stretched and kicked in high glee.

Then came the gymnastics. Baby would clasp her little fingers tightly about a small cane and be lifted in the air. Nora would press her hands against the soles of her feet, and baby would push and exert the utmost strength in her fat little legs. When laid on her stomach on a cushion, baby would roll over and over on her back, thereby calling in play all the muscles of her body.

She was allowed to exercise about half an hour; then she had a quick dip in a warm bath, was dressed in a night-gown, given her evening meal, and nothing more was heard of her until 5 o'clock the next morning. She spent nearly the entire day out of doors, even on cool days, taking her naps in a hammock.

Her rapid growth and strength were remarkable. At four and a half months she moved about by rolling to the object she wished to reach. At five months she sat alone.

Nora resolutely put the mere details of housework second and home-making first. Her house was always clean, because cleanliness was a part of her dainty nature. She kept up her reading and music, so that she could be a companion to John. She always had time for a walk or an afternoon in the woods; but pottering, such as many housewives do, and so-called fancy-work were resolutely ruled out.—Selected.

"Showers" of Frogs.

Two weeks ago we described the mysterious appearance of thousands of frogs at Ithaca, N. Y., without attempting to account for their origin. Such speculations were left to the editors of the daily papers and other eminent philosophers. It appears, however, that Ithaca was not alone in the strange visitation. Large numbers of the little creatures appeared in New York City and in Nashua, N. H. Regardless of their origin, the Massachusetts Frog Company, of Ware, Mass., offered to buy frogs that "fell" both in Ithaca and in Nashua. The company is still receiving them from Ithaca at the rate of five hundred a day. The Ithaca frogs are between an inch and an inch and a half in length. Now comes the New York Evening Post with an "explanation." During a long hot spell frogs seek shelter under stones or pressed against the ground in tall grass. They will remain motionless for days, exposing as little of the body as possible. The reason assigned for this is that, as the frog breathes through his skin as well as with his lungs, the hot weather dries his skin and restricts his breathing. Hence the desire to keep cool and quiet. As soon as the rain begins to fall the frogs come out of their hiding-places, and the natural inference of credulous persons is that they "fell" with the rain.

Died in the Arms of Her Grandson.

When Kaiser Wilhelm went into the dying Victoria's bedroom at Osborne the old lady felt his presence and, opening her eyes, said to him, "Du bist Fritz," mistaking him for his father, now dead nearly a dozen years. "Nein," replied the Kaiser, "ich bin Wilhelm."

Queen Victoria literally died in his arms. It seems that when evening was closing, on the fatal day, all the children were gathered around the bedside, and they and the royal invalid both realized that not only the shadows of night, but those also of the black winds of death, were being folded about her. Amazingly masterful to the very last, the aged queen declared that she would sit up and talk to them with her last breathing. An effort to prop her up by means of the bolster and pillows was made, but the sovereign had not the strength to bear her own weight in an erect posture. There was but one person in the room who believed that he had the muscular power to support her, and that was the Kaiser. "I will hold you," he said, and, passing his arm around her back, he lifted her up and held her so until she died—some say for a full hour, and others say still longer. She talked a great deal—not always clearly and not always with full command of her reasoning powers, and yet for the most part she was shrewd and very impressive in her counsels and commands.—"Leslie's Weekly."

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL TO A TRUE PRAYER.

To pray rightly is not always easy, as we all know. Many a prayer is a failure, quite apart from the question whether it is answered or not, because it has done us no good in the offering. Can we not almost always determine what our prayers are worth, even as we offer them?

If we have some sense of the divine presence, some consciousness of our Father, some instinctive assurance of his vital, loving interest in us, then we can pray aright. And without such a sense of him, how can we? If we have some conviction of our own need, some sense of helplessness, some understanding of the fact that when we have done all in our power for ourselves, more yet remains to be done for us, this consciousness of dependence helps us to pray aright.

A true prayer also must be based upon the conviction that it is worth while to pray, that our petitions and confessions and praise do not beat the empty air and then fall back. To believe that God not only hears, but heeds and loves to answer his children is involved. And if, with these, there be the spirit of true submissiveness, the temper which says in all honesty, "Not my will, but thine, be done, my Father," surely the elements of a true prayer are present.

We do not need to discuss this matter much or to explain it. For, after all, everybody down in his heart knows the difference between real and unreal prayers and knows what makes the former what they are. Let him who is not sure that he knows betake himself to prayer and he soon will learn.

FIVE DOLLARS' WORTH.

Years ago a poor woman gave what was to her a little fortune—five dollars—to Bible work. One hundred Testaments were bought and distributed. One fell into the hands of an infidel in New Orleans; he read it and give his heart and life to God. It was as if the poor woman had saved him.

Another fell into the hands of a young man out West; he was led by it to seek the Savior. A third went into a destitute home, consisting of a mother and five children. The mother read the third chapter of John, and ere long the door of her heart was opened to Jesus Christ and a devout and faithful woman witnessed for God in the world. Two of her boys followed her example.

She who gave her money to buy Bibles is dead, but her works abide, and the blessings she brought about can never die. Shall there not be many more like her?—The Baptist Union.

We think first of the grandeur of a robust and sturdy Christian character, which may have been seamed and scarred by the storms of temptation, but which stands firmly up, an impregnable witness for the truth of God among men. But has not such a character also its gentler and even more winsome aspect? Is it not an ecouragement to the spiritually feeble? May we not take refuge, so to speak, under its shelter and find protection until the worst shocks of our own temptations have passed by? It is a valid help to know that what we are bidden to bear or to do for God another already has borne or done successfully. Sometimes we are tempted to forget that Jesus has lived a truly human life and to doubt if he possibly can have had experiences which qualify him to understand our own. Then in his gentleness he does not take offense at our distrust of him, but, by fixing our thought upon some heroic fellow-Christian who we feel can understand us, he leads back by degrees our wandering, faltering confidence to himself.

In a speech before the English Army Temperance Association, Lord Wolseley said: "There are yet some battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also."

Remember God respecteth not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music of our prayers, how methodical they are; but the divinity of our prayers, how heartsprung they are. Not gifts, but graces, prevail in prayer.—John Trapp.

The requests we make of God interpret our character. They show us as we are. God reads our character in our prayers. What we love best, what we covet most, that gives the key to our hearts.

DIVERSION.

"I conclude that's a fly," said the little trout. "You are right, my dear," said its mother, "but never jump at conclusions."—Ex.

A clergyman occupying the pulpit of an Abingdon church, as an exchange, on opening a hymn-book, found the following written on the fly-leaf: "Why is this church like a railway track?" "Because it has so many sleepers in it."—The Christian Guardian.

A lady took her Irish maid to task for carelessness and forgetfulness. "Why is it, Mary," said she, "that you keep on making the same mistakes over and over again? Why don't you try to remember what I tell you?"

The day happened to be very warm, so Mary returned the quaint reply, "Sure ma'am, I can't be aggravatin' me moind this hot weather."—Evangelist.

An Indianapolis woman called up her grocer by telephone the other morning, and, after she had sufficiently scolded the man who responded, she said:

"And, what's more, the next order you get from me will be the last I'll ever give you."

"It probably will, madam," said the voice at the other end of the wire; "you are talking to an undertaker."—Epworth Herald.

Teacher—"I am sorry to say it, Henry, but your composition is not worthy of you. The rhetoric is faulty, the logic weak, the statements are based upon misinformation, and the style is lamentably crude." Henry—"My, won't my dad be mad when I tell him that?" Teacher—"But you can tell him you did your very best." Henry—"Did my best—nothing! Dad wrote the whole of it himself."—The Christian Guardian.

The other day Professor Foster's little daughter was disobedient, and was banished to a closed room until she overcame her fault. A protocol was agreed upon, so that when the young lady was ready "to be good" she was to be released, and reinstated in her mother's affections. A few minutes of silence elapsed, and then the knocking was heard. "Are you ready to be good, my daughter?" "Well, mamma, I will be partly good if you will partly open the door."—Christian Guardian.

"There goes a man who is having a fearful struggle with his appetitie."

"What, that clean-cut, healthy-looking chap over there?"

"That's the one."

"Why, he doesn't look like a slave to any appetitie."

"He is, though; and he's having an awful time of it. He grits his teeth, and succeeds in subduing it for a whole day, maybe, and he's just as bad off as ever."

"What is it—whisky?"

"Oh, no! He never drinks."

"Morphine?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, what is it that has such a hold on him?"

"His appetitie, I told you."

"For food?"

"Certainly."

"Well, what's the matter with it? Why has he any struggle over it?"

"Why, he says that if he could only go without eating for about a month he could get the girl he's engaged to an Easter present as elaborate as she expects."—Harper's Bazar.

The Weak Spot.

If you are sitting in a restaurant where waitresses are in attendance, you will note now and again some young woman put her hand to her back, and straighten herself up, while her lips are tightened as if by pain It's backache. Yet all day long she must be on her feet, lifting, carrying, hurrying.

That weak spot, the back, can be made strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the womanly diseases which cause headache, backache, sideache, nervousness and sleeplessness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ty. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz., Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman, and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

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HUMOR.

"It's easy to be a great novelist nowadays; the last work is always the best." "Yes; it used to be that authors died, and their works lived; now the authors live and the works die."—Life.

Judge—Have you got anything to say before the court passes sentence? Prisoner, Well, all I've got to say is, I hope you'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer and let me off easy. —Tit-Bits.

Pat—"If wan of us gets there late, and the other wan has been there and gone, or if he didn't come yet? Mike—"We'll aisly fix thot. If Oi get there furrust, I'll make a chalk-mark on the side-walk, and if you get there furrust you'll rub it out."

An organist, who recently died in Sweden, had held the positions of choir-master and organist in one church for seventy-two years, without missing a service. Evidently church choirs in Sweden are more peaceful institutions than they are in some other countries.

A Georgia Negro recently applied to an attorney to collect $10 due him by another darkey, and when asked why the debtor didn't pay. he explained: "He says he has been owing me that money so long that the interest has done eat up the principal, and now he don't owe me anything." As a new way of paying old debts that takes the cake.

The teacher was trying to communicate to the juvenile class an idea of faith, and to better illustrate she held up an apple and said: "If I were to tell you there are no seeds in this apple you would believe me without further proof, would you not?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the class in chorus. "Well, that is faith," said the teacher. The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she asked: "Who can tell me what faith is?" "I can," promptly answered a small urchin. "It's an apple what ain't got no seeds in."—Chicago News.

A young theological student supplied the pulpit in a Vermont village one summer; and the involuntary smiles of his rural congregation one Sunday worked a change in his habit of emphasizing pronouns for which his friends and professors had longed. He was reading the thirteenth chapter of I Kings; and on coming to the twenty-seventh verse, he said distinctly: "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle *me* the ass. And they saddled *him*."

Florence Nightingale, though in her eighty-first year, takes an active part in hospital work. It is said that in the room adjoining her own are chairs for the use of committees of hospitals and other charities in which she is interested, and Miss Nightingale communicates with them through the secretary. Nurses, however, go to the side of her couch to receive their instruction direct from her.—Religious Telescope.

We know a man who is so absorbed in getting something to drink that he has no concern for something for his family to eat.

The little sharp vexations,
And briars that catch and fret—
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do;

Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

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